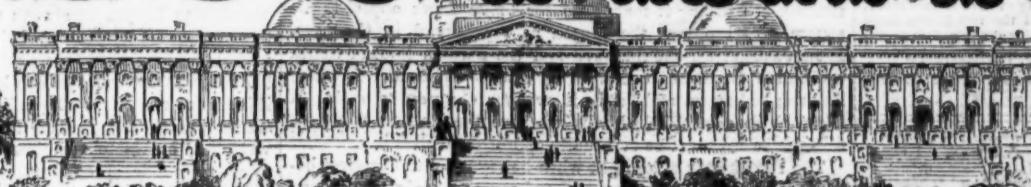


FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER**



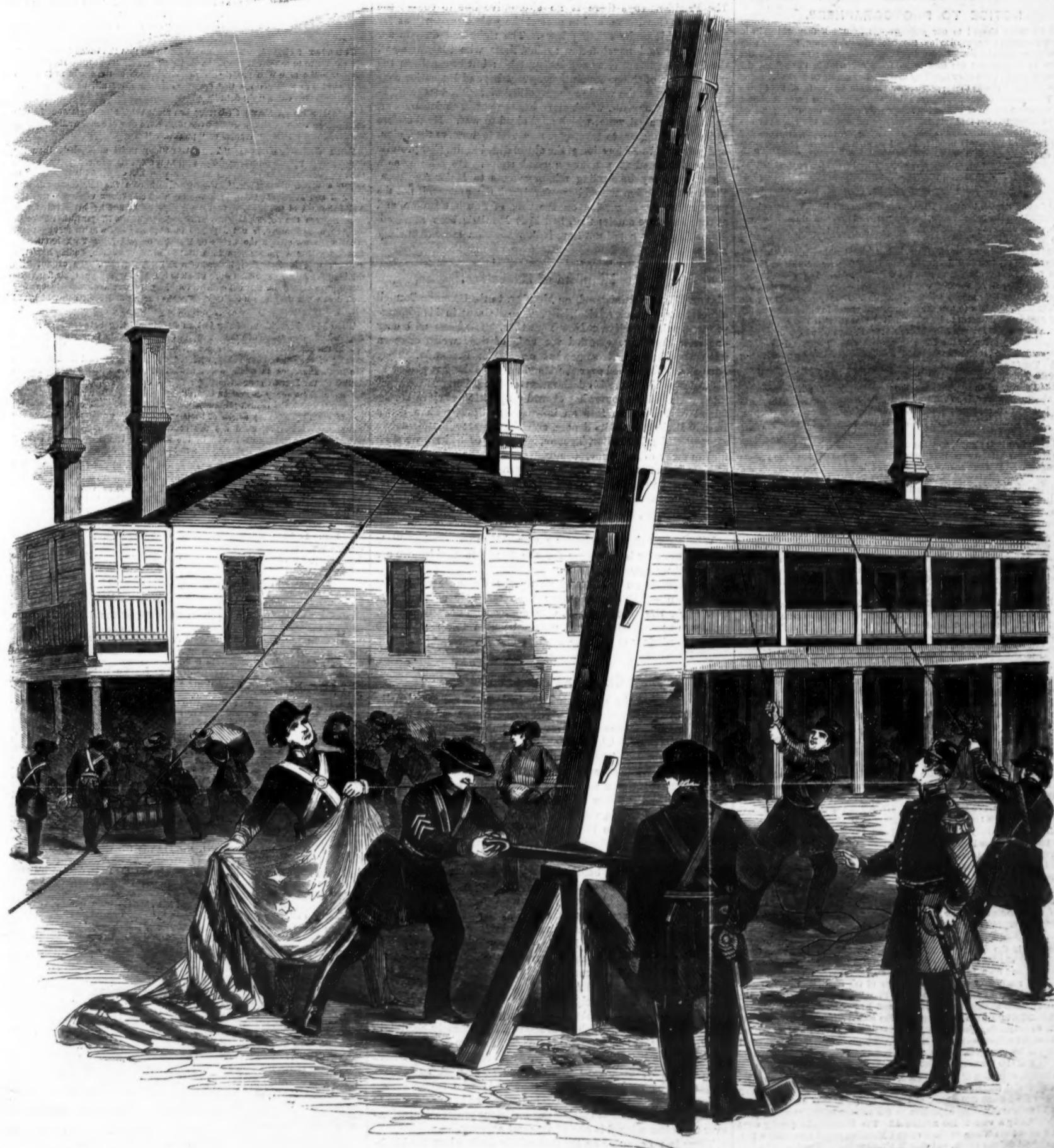
**NEWS PAPER**

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No. 269—VOL. XI.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.



SEEING DOWN THE U. S. FLAGSTAFF, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MAJOR ANDERSON, AT FORT MOLLYSBURG, CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C. ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1860.—SEE PAGE 100.

## BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM

HAS again become the popular resort of  
EVERY LOVER OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS  
AND AMUSING,

And is now attracting more attention, and receiving more visitors than every other place of amusement in New York. Everything novel, curious and interesting is secured by Mr. Barnum, and presented to his visitors in addition to the 850,000 curiosities from every part of the world, and the

## SPLendid Dramatic Entertainments

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## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

## TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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## NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

## Foreign News.

The news from Europe is two days later. The English and French presses have many editorials on the present aspect of American affairs, and it must be confessed they are uniformly hostile to the South. Foreign opinion, however, is no guide for us.

The French fleet still remains off Gaeta, but it is said will soon quit that station. There are rumors that Louis Napoleon is plotting for a Southern Italian Kingdom for his cousin Napoleon and his wife Clothilde. The French press openly discuss the sale of Venetia, while the Austrian papers declare that the Emperor cannot sell for money what he inherited. It may probably require Garibaldi to teach him how to conquer his ancestral pride. In other respects the policy of Austria would seem to be more liberal, since Baron Von Schmerling had been a member of Francis Jose's cabinet. France was busy discussing the enlarged liberty given by the Emperor, although the passport indulgence to British subjects had somewhat aroused the feelings of those who were not included. The *Herald*, while praising the act *per se*, thinks—as usual—that the spider of the Tuilleries had some bad design, expecting some concessions from England in the way of an aggrandizing European policy. The Napoleonists in some classes, however, is so virulent, that if the Emperor sneezes, they conclude he has been surreptitiously procuring a pinch of snuff in order to electrify Europe. This undue magnifying of trifles is the very idiocy of our political clerics.

The Chinese Treaty is signed, and the allied army has retired to Tien Sling, where it will remain for some months, we may add years, since the French papers announce that large reinforcements have been sent from Toulon and Marseilles. Before quitting Pekin the French and English burnt down the Emperor's palace, just outside the city walls, as a punishment for the cruelty the Chinese had shown towards their prisoners. The Emperor will now know that the European arm is capable of reaching his barbarian seventh heaven, and giving him a taste of that purgatory he has often inflicted upon others. Among other concessions granted by the Flower King is the exportation of coolies—in other words, he has legalized a Chinese slave trade in favor of the English and French. After all, a traffic however infamous, is all the better for being legalized. The shadow of law, however dark, humanizes it.

The news from Mexico is very important and cheering. Miramon was totally defeated on the 22d December, by the Liberal forces, and abandoned by his army. He arrived in the City of Mexico on the 24th, but immediately fled, finding he had lost all hold upon the people and his party, which was thoroughly disorganized. Puebla had capitulated to the Liberals, and Juarez was expected in Mexico at the commencement of the ensuing week.

## CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

On Monday, the 18th, the Senate was principally occupied by Senator Toombs, who made a very strong Secession speech. Like the Sempronius of Addison's "Cato," his voice was for war. The appointment of Mr. Macintyre as Collector of Charleston was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

In the House, on the 4th, after various local matters had been discussed, Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, made a strong appeal to the House, urging measures of conciliation. Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, asked leave to present the plan of adjustment, adopted by the Committee of Border States, with a view of having it printed. Objection was made by Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, and a motion to suspend the rules was negatived by a vote of 63 to 78. The most exciting debate of the session then occurred. Mr. Adrian, of New Jersey, moved the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we fully approve the bold and patriotic act of Major Anderson in withdrawing from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, and the determination of the President to maintain that fearless officer in his present condition, and we will support the President in all constitutional measures to enforce the laws and preserve the Union."

After a most interesting and earnest debate, made more emphatic by many of the members giving in a few nervous words their reason for voting aye or nay, the endorsement of Major Anderson was carried by 124 to 56. The House then adjourned to Wednesday, in honor of St. Hickory Day, the 8th of January.

On the 9th, in the Senate, after the President's Message had been read, Senator Seward obtained the floor to express his views upon the important document that had been just laid before them. Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, in calling for the reading of the correspondence of the South Carolina Commissioners, unadvisedly upon the fact that the President had failed to include the last communication of the Commissioners, and had not even announced the fact of their departure from Washington. The communication alluded to was read, after considerable objection, by permission of the Senate, and all further discussion of the subject was postponed until the 10th. Mr. Crittenden pressed the passage of his compromise resolutions, but the vote was postponed until the 10th, as was also the consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Howard, of Michigan, the Message was referred to a special committee of five, with power to investigate everything pertaining to the present difficulties, and with liberty to send for persons and papers. There was strenuous opposition to the passage of this resolution, but it went through by a vote of 133 against 62. The House subsequently went into Committee of the Whole on the Civil and Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, but rose without definite action, and shortly afterwards adjourned.

Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet is now assuming a definite shape. It is announced, on the best authority, Thurlow Weed, that Senator Seward has accepted the important position of Secretary of State. Chase, of Ohio, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Welles will most probably belong to it, and there is a strong expectation that Col. Fremont will be made War Minister. We are half afraid of the Colonel, he is too fond of land speculations; his proclivities are decidedly

Floydish, and all know what a great man Live Oak George would be where Fremont ruled. It seems to be the general opinion that Thurlow Weed, from having been the persecuting Saul, may yet live to be converted, like the great tent-maker of Tarsus.

## The President's Message.

On Wednesday, the 9th inst., the President sent in his Message to Congress upon the present state of affairs. What it wants in decision and daring it makes up for by its frank appeal to the source of all power, the people, as represented in Congress. From Jackson we should have had the gordian knot of South Carolinian Secession cut with the sword—Buchanan is more Fabian; he pauses, and hands it over for Congress to untie. If it can be so accomplished, why we save the leathern thong—if not, the sword must be eventually appealed to.

The President is quite right when he says that to Congress belongs the right of declaring war—and most certainly no war can be more terrible than a civil one. If a foreign conflict is sufficiently solemn to demand the deliberation of Congress, surely a war that involves the destruction of the Union is trebly onerous. The Message is altogether too long for our columns, and we therefore give the leading points.

The Message was prepared immediately on the departure of the South Carolina Commissioners from Washington, after their ineffectual endeavor to induce the Administration to surrender the fortifications in Charleston harbor to the State, and has since been awaiting an opportunity for presentation. The most important feature of the document is in reference to the execution of the Federal laws and the protection of the Federal property. The President says there is no alternative but to collect the revenue at Charleston, and to protect the public property as far as practicable under existing laws. The right and duty to use the military and naval forces against those who illegally assail the Government are clear and indisputable; but he considers the present state of things revolutionary and beyond Executive control, and throws the whole responsibility of action in the emergency upon Congress, which alone has the power to declare war, or to remove a grievance which might lead to war. He therefore appeals to Congress to take some measures to preserve the Union, and suggests the restoration of the old 36 deg. 30 min. Compromise line as calculated to produce a good result. He alleges, as a reason for delay in sending reinforcements to Major Anderson, that such an action would have furnished the pretext, if not the provocation, for aggression on the part of South Carolina, and at the same time admits that, had Fort Moultrie been attacked, Major Anderson could not have held possession more than sixty hours.

## The Kingdom of Manhattan.

MAYOR Wood administered, on Monday, to the Common Council a pretty sharp shock of electricity, when he sent in his Message proposing the Secession of New York City. The Press, with only one exception, have emptied the vials of their wrath or scorn upon the daring but somewhat *malapropos* Fernando. They have altogether passed over the startling facts he has placed as his Columbiads before his declaration of Secession. If we separate these from the somewhat absurd proposition of elevating the Island of Manhattan into an independent State, with a dozen Barney Brallagans as its Senate, and the irrepressible Fernando as its President, Dictator, Tycoon, Emperor or Sultan, we shall find an array of facts more demonstrative of the misgovernment of New York than that of any other city in the world. These, however, are open to all. They are matters of common conversation, but still are unremedied. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and to use a familiar saying, "We grin and bear it."

Whether we should be better governed if an independent State than we are now is a matter for the future to decide—we are convinced we cannot be worse.

But there is no need to break up the Union to reform the Government—that depends upon the respectable citizens, who now suffer the whole question to go by default. To secede, merely to accomplish this end, would be akin to the man who broke his window to stop the buzzing of a fly.

## Dark Crime and its Real Victims.

THOSE who read the records of criminal trials are occasionally shocked by indictments for deeds of so revolting a nature that an instinctive repugnance to the alleged criminal almost invariably arises in the mind. There is none of the allowance made which is due in all cases. The more atrocious the accusation, the more usual is it to jump at once to conclusions of guilt. It seems to be quite enough that a name should be coupled with the accusation to condemn the man who bears it.

The result of this is, that scoundrels who live by extortion find it worth their while to threaten to accuse some wealthy man of some very horrible crime, resulting from some dreadful vice; and the victim, mindful of the motto, *calumniare fortiter, aliquid herebit*—"calumniate boldly, something will stick"—pays the black-mail asked. An examination of works on criminal jurisprudence and of criminal trials, shows that a very remarkable proportion of the accusations for unusual and extremely revolting crimes are founded in conspiracy and revenge. In short, the rule to be borne in mind is this—while men are less likely to commit such crimes than any others, on the other hand they are far more likely to be accused of these than of milder offences by unscrupulous enemies. And to make the matter worse, the public is always extremely willing to aid the conspirator and black-mailer, by its ridiculous tendency to conclude a man guilty because the crime of which he is accused is extremely horrible!

We regret that it is not permissible to illustrate for the general reader our position with cases, or we could confirm what we have said, copiously, and, we trust, conclusively. Still, as our remarks will be read by scores of thousands who may serve on juries, we beg them to bear in mind what we have said, and to be extremely vigilant in tracing out malicious prosecution, whenever the crime alleged is one of unusual atrocity.

There is no country on the face of the earth where the black-mailer and conspirator flourish so rankly as in America. The great fear of having social standing and moral character affected in a land where religious strength is the great pillar of life, is a powerful lever in the hands of the unscrupulous. It is only a few days since the police detected a miserable scoundrel who

kept a post office box in Stonington, Conn., and other places, for the purpose of extortion. He was in the habit of writing to wealthy men, threatening to accuse them of divers immoralities unless they sent money to certain addresses.

There is only one rule for the victim—to sternly refuse. The black-mailer seldom dares follow up his threat, even if he have succeeded in enticing his prey into the actual commission of offences. Immediate reference of the case to a shrewd and courageous lawyer is always advisable, and in every case the vigorous prosecution of the unprincipled accuser is to be undertaken if circumstances permit.

If there is one crime which better deserves death than another it is this of extortion. These lines will meet the eyes of hundreds whose lives are being slowly tortured, whose days are thoroughly wretched, owing to vampires who live at ease on their fears. Women, guilty of some transient indiscretion, or perhaps of none, have been compelled, by polished or unpolished scoundrels, to surrender their jewellery and money for fear of accusation to their husbands; and if the accusation were really made public how few would imagine that the accused was really a victim. As for men of wealth and weakness, very few escape.

Be strong and refuse to be victimised. Better, when scoundrelism approaches, to fight it strongly from the first, for it is insatiable, and its appetite grows with feeding.

## EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

*Sordello Browning*, the celebrated poet, is about turning his attention to painting. If he should be as unintelligible in his pictures as he is in his poetry, it will be necessary to write under his works, "This is a horse," or "a phenix," as the case may be. Jerrold declared that after reading one of his most admired poems he felt more like the "fag end of a mob than a rational being."

*Senator Slidell*, while solemnly declaring that the Union is at an end, is a candidate to represent Louisiana in the Senate for six years. He must be brother to the man who prophesied the destruction of the world next week, and sold his farm at six months' credit. Perhaps, after all, he may only be what the Scotch call a "sly de'il."

*The Duke of Saxe Coburg* has made Tauchnitz, the famous Leipzig publisher, a baron. Byron would write now, were he alive and writing, "Now Barbas was a Baron," instead of "publisher."

*Sam Johnson* says: "There is nothing more melancholy than the decadence of human grandeur. The sun, as it nears its western grave, has its hope of the next day's dawn, but an actor who has outlived his popularity is indeed a sorrowful spectacle." We regret to inform the fair creatures who deluged and avalanched Japanese Tommy with *billetedoux* while he was the well-favored guest of the Lelands, that their favorite is finding his level, for it appears from the correspondence of the officers of the Niagara, that Takeish Ono-oro, *alias* Tommy, is not a prince in disguise, but a mere serving man. What a narrow escape the belles of Washington and New York have had. Just fancy Miss Araminta Seraphina Stubbs, of Japonicadom, finding herself a waiter's wife in Hakodadi, instead of a Nokami princess. We cannot help thinking the Japanese princes were much to blame in winking at their flunkies' assuming a dignity he was not entitled to. May it prove a warning to our fair creatures when they are introduced to bogus barons and Leviathan-whiskered counts.

*The Eradication* of the jealous feeling existing between France and England will be a labor of time. Despite their fellowship in war and peace, it breaks out constantly. The last occasion for this unseemly display was the sacking of the palace near Pekin, where, the English press said the French got the lion's share, or, in other words, swindled John Bull's soldiers. This is denied by the French general and the French authorities, and the accusation has led to some angry discussion between the presses of the rival powers. The eagerness with which the British press constantly displays to put the worst possible construction upon every action of their "good ally" would argue ill for the continuance of peace, were not the commercial interests of the two great powers so inextricably interwoven by the increased traffic of the last twenty years. The ledger often triumphs where the Bible fails.

*A Chicago Paper* has a very severe editorial upon Mr. Burch, the unlucky husband of a too imaginative lady, who was fond of talking to other gentlemen. The correspondent of the *New York Atlas* says that the ladies of Chicago had formed a plot to lynch the fast-shaking banker, but were prevented by the police. It is so seldom that the ladies are right in their decisions where a woman is in the case, that Mr. Burch may consider himself fortunate if they hang him. Posterity will do him justice. In the meantime we are glad to hear that the lawyers have done with the case, the children being divided between their unhappy parents; the youngest girl to the mother, and the other to the father.

## PERSONAL.

*CHARLES DICKENS* is about to publish his "Uncommercial Traveller" as a separate volume.

*John C. Hernan*, Aaron Jones and Ned Price are now in New Orleans.

*The New York Daily News* says that General Winfield Scott is the largest man in the American service. He is six feet six inches in height, weighs 267 pounds, and is seventy-four years old. When Lincoln is President we shall have the tallest Chief Magistrate and the tallest Commander-in-Chief in the world.

A *Washington* letter says of New Year's celebration at the capital: "Senator Douglas probably received more calls than any one except the President, and his palatial mansion was crowded all day. Mrs. Douglas, majestic and Juno-like, received the guests as they entered, and were presented to her by the 'Little Giant,' who does not as yet despair of saving the Union. In the dining-room was a sumptuous spread refreshment table, ornamented with an immense bouquet, and supplied, in old Virginian style, with egg nog, apple toddy and solid eatables, as well as wine and confectionery. At this hospitable board the North and the South mingled fraternally, and even such secessionists as Pryor could not decline to drink to the standing toast, 'The Union.' Senators Seward and Trumbull were visited by all the Republicans, and seemed in no wise cast down."

*The New York Daily News* says that the President remains firm in carrying out the new and vigorous policy which has been adopted. He said recently, in reply to the suggestion of apprehended difficulty in inaugurating Mr. Lincoln, "If I live till the 4th of March I will ride to the Capitol with Old Abe, whether I am assassinated or not."

*Daniel Atter*, of the *Herkimer County Journal*, Little Falls, died at his residence in that village on the 4th of January. He was the editor of that paper, and universally liked.

J. W. *Sheehan*, formerly of the *Chicago Times*, has started a new paper called the *Chicago Post*.

*E. Rutledge Morton*, son of ex-Mayor Morton of Hoboken, died of hemorrhage of the lungs on the 4th of January, after an illness of only a few hours. He was much esteemed by his friends. He leaves a widow and child.

*The Court Journal* announces that the Empress Eugenie is so pleased with her tour in Scotland, that it is the intention of Louis Napoleon to accompany her next summer in her promised visit to his cousin the Duchess of Hamilton. This, of course, will depend upon the complexion European affairs take.

*Mr. Rauner*, of telegraphic fame, is about to lay down telegraphic wires from the reporting galleries of the Houses of Lords and Commons to the offices of the various newspapers, so as to transmit the speeches as they are delivered.

*Alfred Durn*, the well-known manager, died of apoplexy, at Boulogne, on the 23d December.

A very general desire is manifested among the more respectable residents of Hoboken to confer the nomination for Mayor upon either Dr. Elder or W. G. Plummer. Both are equally well adapted for the place, but Dr. Elder, being the leading physician of that city, would find it difficult to reconcile Esculapius with Rhadamanthus; while Mr. Plummer, being a business man and largely interested in real estate, would be able to give more time to the duties of the office. Hoboken may consider herself fortunate if she obtains the consent of either to be put in nomination.

The following extract from a Scotch paper takes us back to Shakespeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*: "On the 17th, at Cawdor Castle, the Earl and Countess of Fife gave a great entertainment to their tenantry to celebrate the eleventh birthday of their son, the Viscount Macduff. During the evening there was a ball,

see you here, and I hope we may all live to meet on many anniversaries of my boy's birthday. I will have great pleasure in writing to him to-morrow; and when I tell him how you proposed his health, and how you all received it, I am quite sure he will be very much gratified. I have great pleasure in seeing the volunteers here to-night. I may say that if the invader does not interfere with us, we have no wish to molest him; but if he does interfere with us, our army of volunteers, called into existence by the bare idea of invasion, will scatter the reality to the winds."

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

## Salutation.

KIND readers and very good friends, a happy New Year to all! We were gloomy last week; the outside world troubled us, and we forgot what was due to you, to the time and to the season. It is not, however, too late to make the *amende honorable*, so once again we say, a happy New Year to you all, north, south, east and west. We extend to you the hand of good fellowship, and we wish that we could bring all those hands together and make you friends all round. It is a sad thing to see brothers quarrelling, to hear hard words bandied about from one to the other—words which breed such bitter blood and which are so hard to unsay, and worst of all to feel that all this threatens to forcibly disrupt one of the noblest families that Time ever saw banded together. Are there no peacemakers in the world? Has that holy mission no human representative? Are our pastors, our men of God, all political partisans, and swayed by the same reckless passions which lead and sway the mob?

What a spectacle for the Governments and peoples of Europe to gaze upon! How it will strengthen the chains of the enslaved! How it will crush out the hopes of those who aspire to be free! It has been said, over there, again and again, that our system was but an experiment; now it will be said that it has failed!

Shame, shame! upon those who could have healed the breach and would not. If one man dies, killed by a brother's hand, through their faithlessness to the Union, his blood will be upon their heads, and a hecatomb of victims will follow, loading their names with obloquy, curses and contempt unto the end of time.

The advent of the new year to us, personally, is a circumstance for congratulation. No year since the establishment of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has commenced so auspiciously. Subscriptions come in more largely than ever before, not only to our newspaper, but to our *Monthly*, our *Budget of Fun* and our German Newspaper, *Illustrirte Zeitung*, while our advertising department has never been so large or so profitable. We cannot ask for any more gratifying sign of the increasing popularity of our publications, nor offer any more sterling proof of our stability than the statement of these business facts. To us therefore, personally, the new year is very welcome indeed.

Others take a more sentimental view of the event. To them it suggests retrospection, and how few of us there are to whom retrospection would afford only pleasurable reminiscences! One correspondent, evidently in the melting mood, troubled with thoughts which make the heart throb and the eyes overflow, has sent us

## A New Year's Reverie.

I often in the twilight sit,  
Beside my silent fire,  
And muse upon the sacred dead—  
On sister, son and sire;  
Until methinks I see them peer  
From out the dusky gloom,  
Although I know their bodies rest  
Far off within the tomb.

And slowly rising from the past,  
Scenes of a bygone day  
Float mistily before my soul,  
And gently fade away.  
Then rousing from my reverie,  
Tears full of anguish start,  
As the hoarded weight of memory  
Falls down upon my heart.

This is all very well, and many will no doubt sympathise with the writer and feel the full force of the sad reflections, which spoke out in him in verse; but we have a more philosophical customer to deal with, one who looks upon the event in a practical, hard-headed way. Whether his is the right philosophy or not we will not decide. We will let him speak for himself, and leave our readers to judge:

## A New Year's Reverie.

Eighteen sixty is dead and gone!  
I saw his last flickering moments fly,  
I felt quite sad,  
A kinder sad—  
But over spill'd milk it's of no use to cry.

I had a new love last year,  
I thought her gentle, truthful, but shy  
As a little kitten;  
She gave me the mitten!—  
But over spill'd milk it's of no use to cry.

I had a dear friend last year;  
I thought him a man of the true guineas die,  
I lent him my cash—  
He went all to smash!  
But over spill'd milk it's of no use to cry.

I had a great "spec" last year;  
My dreams were unbounded, my hopes soared high—  
One master stroke—  
"Yours truly" broke—  
But over spill'd milk it's of no use to cry.

I lost friend and love last year;  
I burst, and I'm glad the old rascal did die,  
And if the new year  
Does not bring better cheer—  
Well! over spill'd milk 'twill be useless to cry!

## A New Year's Reverie.

We are enabled, we think, to announce the important information that the Academy of Music will be opened shortly for an operatic season—number of nights not stated. Still a season is a season. We have had them of all lengths, from one night up to fifty nights, so that we are prepared for anything. We are to have a new singer, one whose success in South America has been, as the advance notices say, awful, tremendous. It is said that a great revolution (a South American revolution) remained in suspense when she sang, and collapsed immediately afterwards. We will not vouch for this statement. Still report does speak very highly of Signorina Elena, and if she justifies Madame Rumor's account she will assuredly make a success. She will be sustained by the talented company of "Associated Artists," under the direction of Signor Muzio.

## Returning to first Principles.

People are beginning to think that the Academy of Music is too "big" a thing entirely. Many of the old and most influential operators refer back to the pleasant times every one had at the old Astor Place Opera House, where every one went *en grande tenue*, and every one knew everybody else. When they went not only to hear the singers but the music, and where all felt as though they were at a social evening party, and as comfortable as they well could feel. It is being whispered about that, perhaps if we had a smaller house, adapted not only for hearing and seeing, but for visiting purposes, with a good but not expensive company, but with all the surroundings in perfect keeping, it could be supported and made to pay at less cost to the public and the managers, and with greater enjoyment to all. Whether the rumor will shape itself into action or not we cannot say, but that it is viewed with much favor in many quarters is quite certain.

## Opening of the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

It is said that Long Island is shaken to its very centre, and also to its extremest ends, in anticipation of the forthcoming great event, the opening of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. We are not surprised, for our water-separated cousins may well be proud of the splendid edifice which their enterprise and liberality has raised up in their midst. Brooklyn has hitherto been entirely dependent upon New York for her better class of amusements. This was very good for New York, but it was a heavy tax and a great inconvenience to the citizens of Brooklyn. The movement, therefore, to erect an Opera House was in accordance with the spirit of the times

and in obedience to the wants and wishes of the people. Some predict that it will not pay. Has our Academy of Music paid? There are stockholders' privileges to account for our failure; but from what we learn those who were influential in establishing the Brooklyn institution have acted with great liberality—have looked to the interests of the public, and not exclusively to their own selfish gratification. They have, in short, given the public an equal chance with themselves, and afforded the manager a margin which will enable him to make some profit out of his risk and labor.

Such a course of action cannot be too warmly commended, for while it redounds to the honor of all concerned, it presents the only possible chance of crowning the enterprise with success.

The opening night is fixed for Tuesday, the 15th inst. The Associated Artists, under the direction of Signor Muzio, will have the honor of giving the first performance within its walls. Let us trust that Brooklyn will turn out *en masse* on this occasion, and that New York will send its quota of music-loving fashionables to give together a brilliant inauguration to the noble art enterprise of our sister city of Brooklyn.

## A New Story in the Home Journal.

We find in the *Home Journal* of last week the opening chapters of a new story called the "Regent's Son," by Mrs. Pullan. The plot is laid in England; the Regent is the never-to-be-too-much-abhorred Fourth George. Mrs. Pullan is a graceful, forcible and elegant writer, fearless in relating facts, but with all the finer womanly instincts. The initial chapters lead us to predict that the story of the "Regent's Son" will be one of sustained and thrilling interest, for we know that the author has had peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with the secret history of the English Court of that period, and the history of that Court was full of strange romance and terrible reality.

We congratulate our friends of the *Home Journal* upon this additional attraction to its many other attractive features.

## Second Annual Concert of the Seventh Regiment.

This grand event comes off on Saturday evening, January 12th. The whole regiment being concerned in it, of course it must prove an immense success. The programme is certainly very attractive, Madame Colson, Mrs. Mozart, Signor Stigelli and Carl Formes being the principal artists. In addition to other operatic selections, the last act of the military opera "La Fille du Régiment" will be given. Theodore Thomas the conductor. The Seventh Regiment Band and Drum Corps will perform many fine pieces of music, and among others a new composition illustrating the routine of camp life, introducing the reveille, tattoo, ceremonial music, &c. It will be a great occasion.

## Something New to Read.

If married people desire to see their "little ways" faithfully and vividly exposed, yes, verily in print, let them read the book of M. Honoré de Balzac, called, *The Petty Annoyances of Married Life*, just published by RUDD & CARLETON. It is a terrible book! How it rips apart the delicate rose-tinted veil which the cunning of married people manufactures to conceal or mystify that worst of slavery (?) the "marriage state!" How it exposes those brutes, the husbands—their meanness, their want of sympathy, of delicacy, appreciation and devotion; their falsehood and the numberless wrongs they heap upon poor, suffering, self-sacrificing woman. We began to hate ourselves before we had got half through the book, and at its close we deemed ourselves but little better than one of the wicked. We must, however, add, that in the course of the narration we gathered a few drops of comfort; we found that the dear creatures were not always right; that they were sometimes too exacting; now and then a *little* frivolous; and that love for an "establishment" and for dress, together with vanity, a passion for admiration, and the merest trifles in the world of deceit—pardonable, of course—peeped out involuntarily; and although we knew all these charges to be false, we confess that the contemplation of their possibility had a soothing effect upon us.

The work was not written for this latitude, but human nature is the same all the world over, although the moral standards differ in different localities. Balzac is a free and easy writer; the French are a free and easy people, and *The Petty Annoyances of Married Life* is one of the most amusing books we have read in many months.

A most wise, scholarly and suggestive book, called *Guesses at Truth*, has recently been issued by TICKNOR & FIELDS, of Boston. It is the work of the brothers Hare, both ripe scholars, and both men of refined tastes and liberal judgment. The matter comprises a vast range of subjects, from a consideration of the real meaning of the expression of Cardinal Wolsey, "Ego et Rex meus," to a profound disquisition upon Christianity, unchangeable and changeable, constant and progressive. Brevities of wisdom abound throughout the book, and give a certain piquancy to the graver and longer articles. We should think that it would find its way into every library. It is brought out in most beautiful style.

*The Lake House*, by Fanny Lewald, also published by Ticknor & Fields, is a very charming story, elegantly translated from the German by Nathaniel Greene, Esq. The scene is laid chiefly in Hamburg, changing to England and Paris, and the plot is dated at the time of the Great French Revolution. The story is purely of love—a great devotion—a grand passion. It has, however, none of the sickly element of the French novel, none of that false, insidious sentiment. It depicts a true and earnest attachment, and its great sorrow is the social inequality of the lovers—the one a daughter of a peer of France, the other a son of a merchant prince. Love levels all distinctions with those who love, but the pride of the parents, the one in his unsullied nobility, the other in his proud mercantile honor, surrounds the path of the lovers with difficulty, and brings woe, death and bitter expiation on all. It is a sad story, simply, unaffectedly but passionately told.

Anything that comes from the pen of a sensible woman is worth reading. The thoughts may not be profound, broad or comprehensive, but they will surely be tender, truthful, pure and holy, and the more we know of the inner nature of woman the wiser and better we become. When a woman writes poetry, she writes from the heart; we may miss those flashes of genius which lay bare great facts and wrestle with wrong that right may prevail, but we find revelations of a gentler nature interwoven with delicate fancies, and a wealth of love, and a yearning for love, and a broad perception of its divine principle, which in a measure compensate for all else it may lack.

We thought all this as we read the charming *Poems of Miss Rose Terry*, which Ticknor & Fields have just published, and can refer to them to illustrate the truth of our remarks. She has a charming and delicate imagination, an ardent love of nature, particularly her fairest children, flowers, a deep and tender sensibility, and a profound sentiment of the divine and overseeing love. The volume contains over a hundred pieces, and from this bouquet of sweets we make selection hap-hazard:

## The River.

The river flows and flows away,  
A lonely stream through forests gray,  
No rippled rapids o'er it play;

For ever and for ever;

As silent as a winter's night;

With purple heavens all light,

And planets shining strangely bright,

So quiet is the river.

No fount nor fall the vision finds,

And in no devious course it winds,

But straight from where the sun shines,

For ever and for ever.

A mystery of shade and gleam,

O'er hidden rocks glides on the stream,

Like sleep above a fearful dream—

So quiet is the river.

It streams pure silver in the sun,

Slow, sullen lead, with storms begun,

And golden green when day is done—

For ever and for ever.

A flow of pearl in moonlight cold,

With no ceaseless midnight onward rolled,

Blacker than Lethe stream of old,

So quiet is the river.

Oh, water! by thy waves serene,

As tranquil hours a life hath seen,

No more to be as they have been,

For underneath its restless flow,

Too black for light's full noon to show,

Like broken rocks no mortals know—

So quiet is the river.

## Bird Music.

Singer of priceless melody,  
Unquenched quonister of air,  
Who from the little top of the tree  
Pours at will thy music rare,

As if a sudden brook laughed down the hillside there

The purple-blossomed fields of grass  
Waved sea-like to the idle wind;  
Thick daisies that the stars surpass,  
Being as fair and far more kind—

All sweet uncultured things thy wild notes bring to mind.

When that enraptured overflow  
Of singing into silence dies,  
Thy rapid, fleeting pinions show  
Where all thy spell of sweetness lies,

Gathered in one small nest from the mid earth and skies.

Unconscious of thine audience,  
Careless of praises as of blame,  
In simplicit and innocence  
Thy gentle life pursues its aim,

So tender and serene, that we might blush for shame.

The patience of thy brooding wings  
That droop in silence day by day,  
The little crowd of callow things  
That joy for weariness repay—

These are the living spring, thy song the fountain's spray.

## An Engraving of Rare Interest.

A crayon-litho engraving is about to be issued which will be of great interest to thousands of our readers. The subject is, "The House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States." It will be superbly executed from an original drawing in India ink, by Scheuseille. The American edition will be dedicated by permission, to Bishop Brownell—presiding Bishop; and the English edition by special permission to the Prince of Wales.

An additional interest is attached to this work from the fact that the profits—of which the bishops of the various dioceses are the trustees—will be devoted to assisting to build parsonages in weak parishes in Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota. A donation from the receipt of the sale will be given to the Bishops of China and Africa. The executive matter rests, we believe, with the Rev. W. T. Campbell, 708 Walnut street, Philadelphia, to whom letters and subscriptions may be addressed. Those who desire early impressions should lose no time in subscribing, as the lists close on the 1st of February. Subscriptions will also be received by the P. E. S. Union and Church Book Depository, 762 Broadway, also, at Goupil's, 772 Broadway, corner of Ninth street.

## DRAMA.

*Winter Garden*.—The burlesque of "Mazeppa" is the only novelty since our last issue. It is an admirable burlesque, and, having enjoyed a great success in London, is now imported and redressed for the New York market. Mr. Jefferson as the hero is exquisitely droll; his Minuet de la Cour and single horse act eliciting shouts after shouts of laughter and applause. The piece is well got up, and better acted than any previous production during Mr. Jefferson's engagement. "Mazeppa" will probably run during the remainder of this artist's present visit.

*Niblo's*.—Mr. Forrest continues his triumphant career, signalling the fiftieth night of his engagement by his grand portraiture of Damon, in Banion's play of "Damon and Pythias." Of course the house was crowded and over-crowded; so great, in fact, was the crush that hundreds were turned away from the doors shortly after they were opened. As we were among the unfortunate without seats, it is impossible to give an analysis of Mr. Forrest's performance of this popular rôle until next week.

*Laura Keene's*.—Miss Keene sails bravely both with wind and stream. The "Seven Sisters" have become seven fixed "stars."

*Wallack's*.—is thronged nightly to witness the melodrama, "Pauline," and all novelties have to be set aside for the present, in consequence of the increasing furor created by the revival of this famous play.

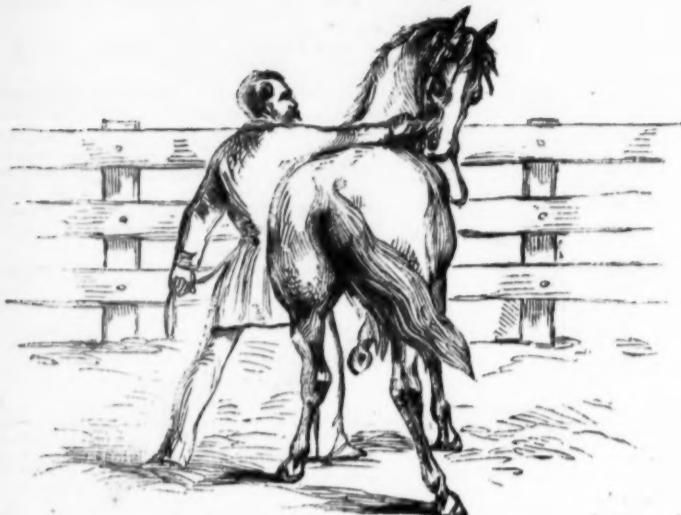
## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A DESPERATE encounter took place at West Point, Miss., on Christmas day, between Mr. P. Cash and Mr. James Kinney. Mr. Cash was killed. Bystanders relate that it was the most desperate fight ever seen. They fought with bowie knives, and Cash had his throat literally cut from ear to ear. Kinney, the victim of the savagefeat, had eight wounds, and was horrible to behold. The most singular fact of this is, that the bystanders did not interfere. They deserve hanging for their complicity in two murders—for Kinney is not expected to recover.

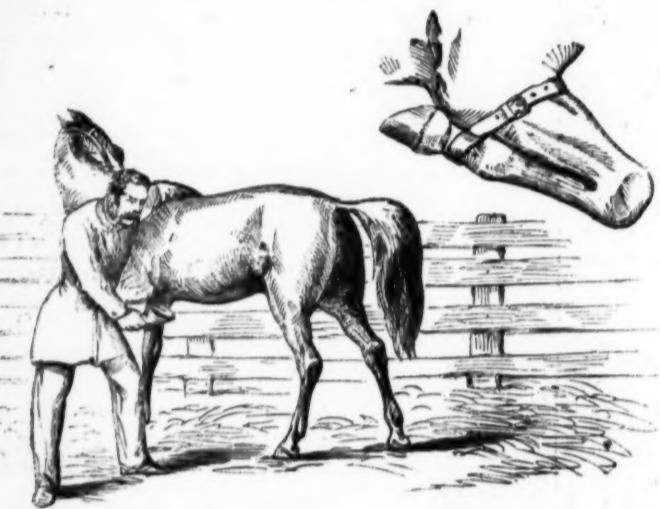
ACCIDENTS on the railroad are becoming very frequent, all of which argue carelessness, which in matters of science means murder. On Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, the Montreal freight and passenger train ran off the track, caused by the misplacement of a switch at Stayceyton, on the Hudson River Railroad. The engine, tender and six cars were thrown off the track, the tender and four of the cars going down an embankment into the river. Fortunately none were injured. Another accident occurred on Tuesday, upon the Express Albany train, between Poughkeepsie and Rhinebeck, the connecting rod between the driving wheels broke, tearing the rear and the side of the engine house to pieces. The fireman, who was sitting upon the seat, had a most miraculous escape.

The Secession movement is driving Northerners home. Mr. Merritt Bruen returned to Morristown last week from Charleston. He was permitted by the military authorities of Charleston to take his choice between an enlistment in the service of South Carolina against the United States Government and a speedy departure from the State.

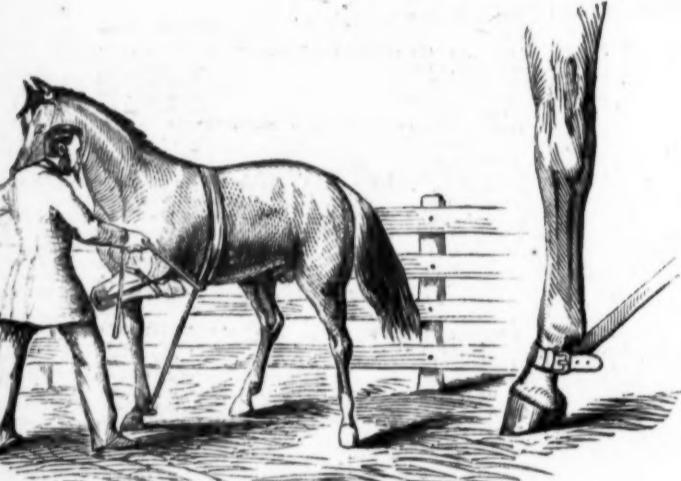
## MR. RAREY, THE GREAT HORSE TAMER'S FIRST EXHIBITION IN AMERICA—HIS SYSTEM EXEMPLIFIED.



MR. RAREY APPROACHING THE HORSE BY TURNING THE HEAD AWAY, BY MEANS OF REIN, TO GUARD AGAINST BITING.



TAKING UP THE HORSE'S FORE-LEG AND STRAPPING IT—HEAD IN THE SAME POSITION. CUT SHOWING LEG AS STRAPPED UP.



THE FIRST PULL AFTER THE STRAP IS APPLIED TO THE RIGHT FORE-LEG—CUT SHOWING RIGHT FORE-LEG STRAPPED.



HORSE STRUGGLING WITH RAREY, AFTER BEING PULLED DOWN—RAREY GIVES HIM TIME AND ROOM TO BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW PROCESS.

MR. RAREY, whose marvellous career in England has made him the lion of the day, commenced his performances on this Continent on Saturday, at Niblo's, before an audience comprising a greater combination of all classes than we have ever before witnessed. There were journalists by the score, many prominent divines, dozens of millionaire merchants, numerous horse jockeys, beside several hundred of the fairer sex, whose natural curiosity equals that of Queen Victoria herself, which required four special visits ere she became convinced that Rarey was indeed a rarity, not often seen, even by royalty. It is, therefore, undoubted that to be fashionable a lady must see Rarey four times.

A false stage had been laid over the regular one, and a thick matting placed over it, and on this were strewn tanbark, sawdust and fresh hay. The curtain rose, and the hero of the Hippodrome drama appeared. He is a slim, elegantly-formed man, muscular and active. You can see at once that he is a compact form of life, composure and intelligence. After the storm of applause that greeted his appearance had subsided, Mr. Rarey gave a brief recital of his

## Triumph over Cruiser,

the celebrated stallion of Lord Dorchester, which had been pronounced by all such an incorrigible brute, that but for the opportune advent of Mr. Rarey he would have been shot. This horse was so vicious that he kicked his stable all to pieces, and it had been found necessary to build one of unusual solidity for him. His food had been lowered to him, and to preserve the attendants from his fury a muzzle of leather, iron-sheathed, had been made, which he had worn for nearly two years. This was shown to the audience, and its weight was nearly fifteen pounds.

After this little history, the famous horse itself was introduced to an American public. Mr. Rarey then proceeded to show part of his system upon Cruiser, who bore it all with wonderful patience and docility. He followed Rarey about like a dog around the arena; then Rarey strapped up the near fore-leg—lifting up and confining the other leg—then he threw him on the ground, and by a variety of ways showed how thoroughly he had conquered the once indomitable animal.

## How Mr. Rarey tamed Cruiser.

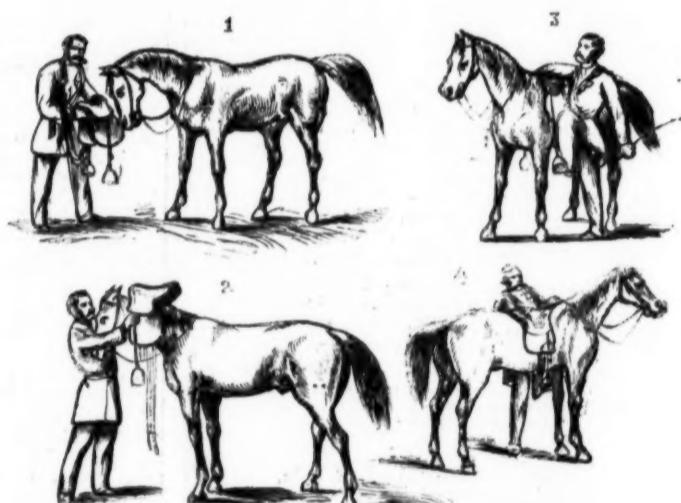
After Mr. Rarey had paraded Cruiser round the stage several times, just as father might a petted child, he stopped, and taking two leather straps from his pocket, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, these two straps are all that I used to tame this celebrated horse." A moment, and one of the straps dexterously placed upon the fore-leg reduced the quadruped to a tripod; the second strap was quickly looped around the other fore-foot, and drawn through the belly-band. Cruiser took a step forward,



HORSE BECOMES TIRED AND GOES DOWN ON HIS KNEES, WITH HIS HEAD ON THE GROUND.



HORSE LIES COMPLETELY DOWN ON ONE SIDE AND YIELDS TO CONTROL.



ACCUSTOMING THE HORSE TO THE SADDLE—SHOWING IT TO HIM BY DEGREES, AND GRADUALLY PASSING IT OVER HIS HEAD. FIRST POSITION OF MOUNTING ON THE LEFT SIDE, BY PLACING THE HAND COMPLETELY OVER ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND BENDING THE BODY OVER AS HE MOUNTS.



MANAGING THE HORSE BY PULLING THE REIN SIDEWAYS AND WALKING HIM IN A CIRCLE.

and Mr. Rarey pulled the second strap, and the animal was on his knees to his master, who fell beside him. He then rose and began pulling the horse's head backwards and forwards. Up jumped Cruiser, and quick as a flash Mr. Rarey, and before the frightened stable-boys could escape Rarey had the horse again at the footlights, and pointing to a graze on Cruiser's hip, said, "In coming over in the ship the horse wounded his hip as you see, and is consequently very restive. The consequence is he will not allow himself to be dragged about as usual. I think it right to add that I have not laid hands on him before this afternoon since he was in England."

**Mr. Rarey conquers a Nervous, Hard-pulling Horse.**

When Cruiser had withdrawn, which he did amid considerable applause, a horse was introduced to Mr. Rarey, which his owner said was so fearfully nervous and such a hard puller at the mouth, that it was not possible to drive it. The equine tamer said that the horse was the creature of impressions—if he fears you he will run away, if he is angry with you he attacks you—he is like a child in intellect, and must be treated like one. Brute force can never tame a horse completely—there is always a sore spot left, which will break out at the first opportunity. The horse must be convinced by humane treatment and undeviating firmness that man is his natural master. In saddling and harnessing a horse for the first time, the objects must be made familiar to him. He should be permitted to rub them with his nose. Above all, deception should be never used—blinding a horse on these occasions is most injurious. Deception and brute force are both failures. Mr. Rarey then went through the various stages of his process, as illustrated by our artist, and in the course of ten minutes the nervous, trembling, jibbing, hard-mouthed horse, whose jaws were impervious to the fiercest tugging, stood as quiet and docile as a lamb, while a great drum was placed at his side and beaten with violence.

**The Wild South American Pony.**

The next subject on which Mr. Rarey showed his power was a South American pony which had just arrived. It had only been broken to bear a halter, and was as untamable a bit of horseflesh as ever threw its rider or bit its groom. Rarey made numerous attempts to catch the creature's foot, which it very cleverly avoided. At length the pony became enraged, and struck Mr. Rarey with one of its fore feet. He then took hold of the right rein, and drawing the animal's head close to the shoulder, made it go round and round as though it were in a small mill. He next lifted her near foot, and in another instant the inevitable strap was on and the quadruped was reduced to a tripod. The poor dumb animal's astonishment and annoyance were evident. At last, as though disgusted with the quiet persistence of its conqueror, it rolled on the ground. After playing with her a little longer to show how completely he had overcome her wildness, he let her rise. He then mounted her, and dismounted her, repeatedly, put her unshod feet upon his head,

patted her, spoke to her, then threw his leg over her head, and in a quarter of an hour the wild steed of the Pampas was as docile as a dog. At this remarkable result the cheers of the audience reverberated through the building, and the tamer led the conquered or converted animal off the stage.

**The Fourth and Last Triumph of Rarey.**

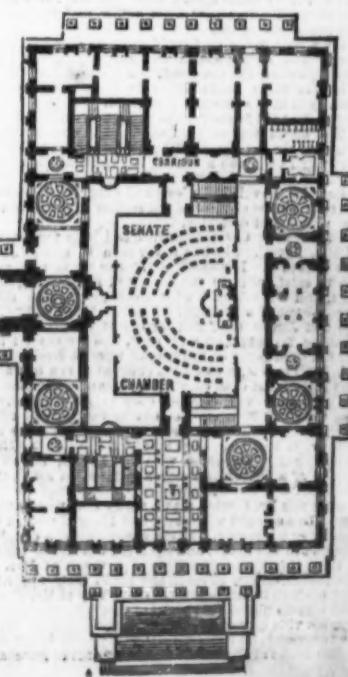
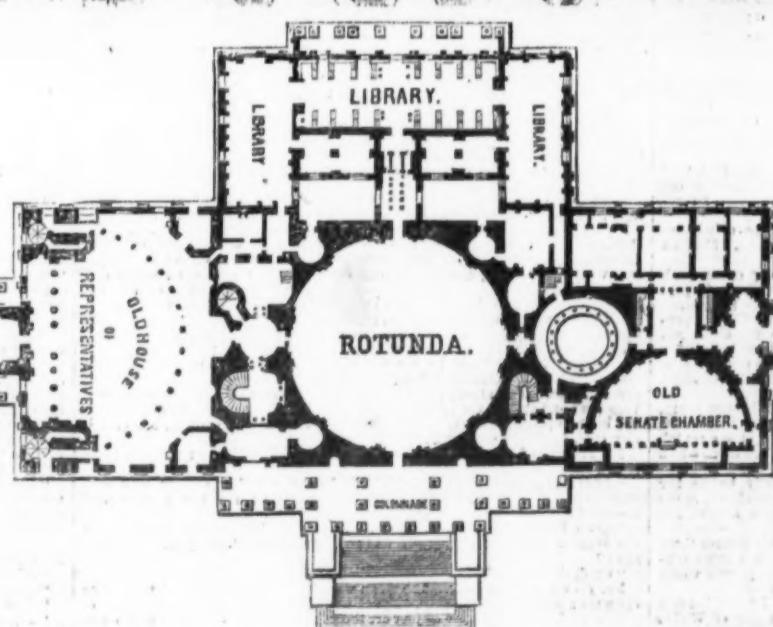
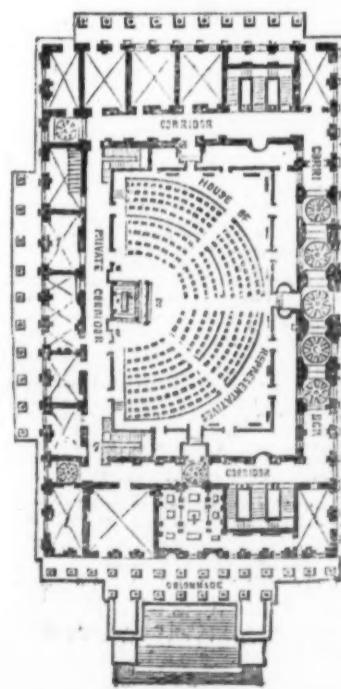
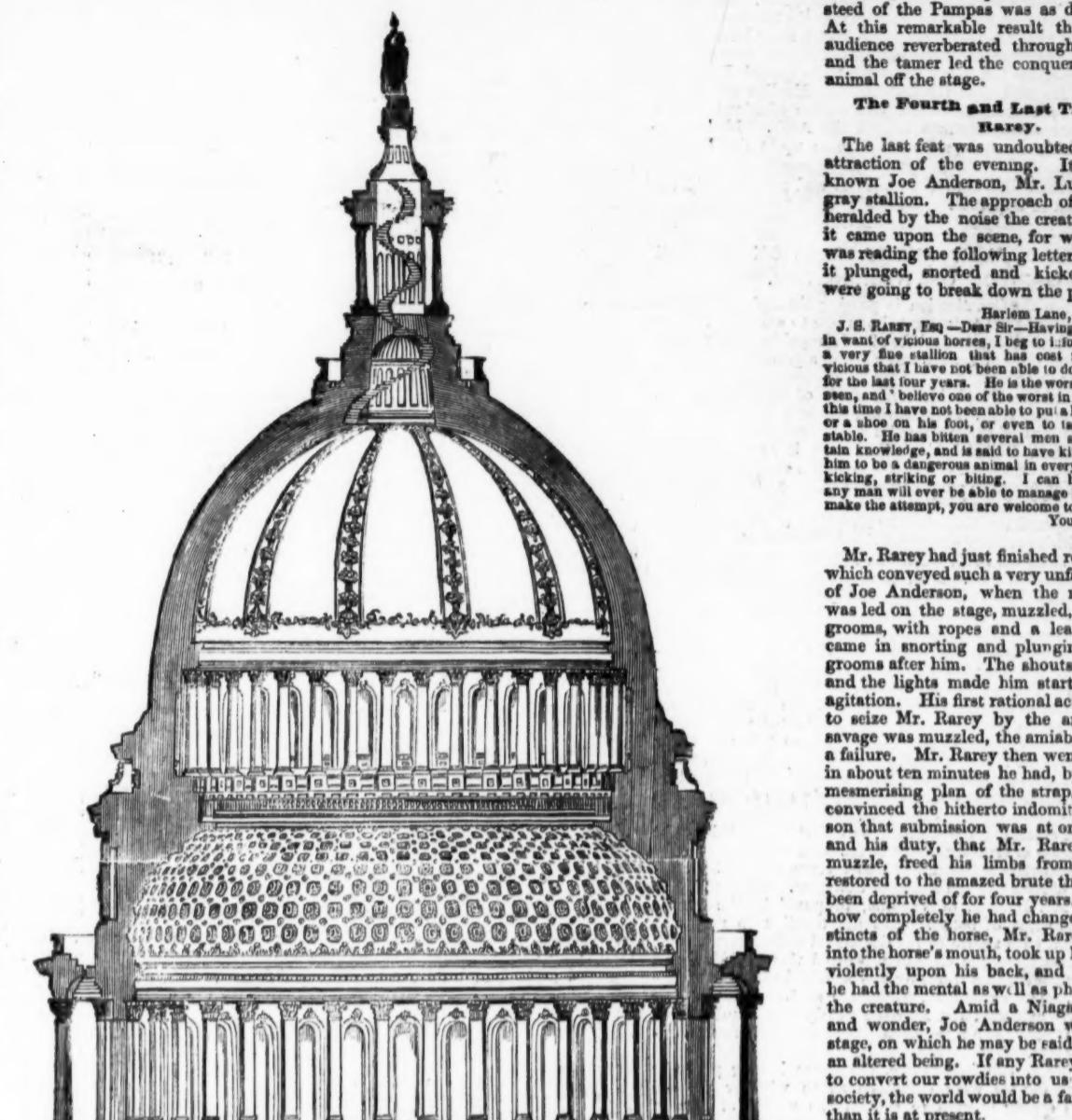
The last feat was undoubtedly the greatest attraction of the evening. It was the well-known Joe Anderson, Mr. Luff, of Harlem, gray stallion. The approach of this savage was heralded by the noise the creature made before it came upon the scene, for while Mr. Rarey was reading the following letter from its owner, it plunged, snorted and kicked as though it were going to break down the partition:

Harlem, Jan. 3, 1861.  
J. S. RAREY, Esq.—Dear Sir—Having heard that you are in want of vicious horses, I beg to inform you that I have a very fine stallion that has cost me \$2,700, but so vicious that I have not been able to do anything with him for the last four years. He is the worst horse I have ever seen, and I believe one of the worst in the world. During this time I have not been able to put a harness on his back or a shoe on his foot, or even to take him out of the stable. He has bitten several men severely to my certain knowledge, and is said to have killed two. I believe him to be a dangerous animal in every respect, either by kicking, striking or biting. I can hardly believe that any man will ever be able to manage him, but if you will make the attempt, you are welcome to try him.

Yours truly,  
E. LUFF.

Mr. Rarey had just finished reading the letter which conveyed such a very unfavorable opinion of Joe Anderson, when the monster himself was led on the stage, muzzled, and led by two grooms, with ropes and a leading-pole. He came in snorting and plunging, dragging his grooms after him. The shouts of the audience and the lights made him start with rage and agitation. His first rational act was an attempt to seize Mr. Rarey by the arm, but as the savage was muzzled, the amiable intention was a failure. Mr. Rarey then went to work, and in about ten minutes he had, by his simple but mesmerizing plan of the strap, so completely convinced the hitherto indomitable Joe Anderson that submission was at once his pleasure and his duty, that Mr. Rarey removed the muzzle, freed his limbs from the strap, and restored to the amazed brute the liberty he had been deprived of for four years. As a proof of how completely he had changed the whole instincts of the horse, Mr. Rarey put his arm into the horse's mouth, took up his hoofs, sprang violently upon his back, and acted as though he had the mental as well as physical control of the creature. Amid a Niagara of applause and wonder, Joe Anderson was led off the stage, on which he may be said to have become an altered being. If any Rarey could be found to convert our rowdies into useful members of society, the world would be a far happier sphere than it is at present.

**Mr. Rarey's Shetland Ponies.**  
As a curiosity, Mr. Rarey then had his two



1. SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.  
2. GROUND PLAN OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, SHOWING THE RECENT ADDITIONS.—SEE PAGE 134.

Shetland ponies brought on the stage, and certainly they were wonderful curiosities. The smallest is about five years old, and is only thirty-one inches in height. It is, most probably, the smallest horse in the world. It is in good condition. Mr. Rarey told the audience that he was of opinion that the Shetland ponies are descended from the real Arab horse, which must have got by some means or another into Scotland. He does not seem to have that admiration for the Arab horse which is accorded to it by the vulgar. He said that the full-blooded English horse was two centuries ahead of the Arab, just as the Shetland ponies before them were two centuries behind the Arab. Nothing in the shape of horseflesh, he said, could come up to the English horse.

Mr. Rarey then bowed to the audience and retired, amidst a perfect ovation of applause.

#### THE GROUND PLAN AND A SECTION OF THE CAPITOL OF WASHINGTON.

At a time when the Constitution is passing through so terrible an ordeal, it cannot fail to interest the public to see a plan of the building in which the mighty life of this republic officially resides. We therefore present to our readers a ground plan of the Capitol at Washington.

Washington himself laid the corner stone of the edifice on the 18th of September, 1793. At that time, and for some years afterwards, the sittings of the National Legislature were held in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Of course it has had many architects; the earliest was Hallet—to him succeeded Messrs. Hadfield & Hobin, under whose superintendence the north wing was finished. Mr. Latrobe directed the building of the south wing, and prepared the Halls for the reception of Congress. In 1812 the British partially destroyed the edifice, which remained in its ruined state till 1815, when Mr. Latrobe resumed for two years his superintendence. It is, however, conceded, that to Mr. Hadfield belongs the honor of the general design.

The style is Roman Corinthian, modelled somewhat after the Pantheon of Rome. The proportions originally of the dome and rotunda of our Capitol being identically the same with the ancient example. So precisely was the dome copied from its original, that, like that of the Pantheon, it was left unfinished. Michael Angelo, in erecting St. Peter's, took the Pantheon as a model for its proportions, and the most celebrated architects of all ages, since the erection of that building, have followed it as a model of style; and it was therefore judiciously selected by Mr. Hadfield, as it harmonized most perfectly with the beautiful irregularity of the grounds upon which the gigantic edifice was to be erected.

The idea of enlarging the Capitol was first suggested by the constant increase of representatives in the Lower House, and the subject was naturally agitated, but many years elapsed before it was brought officially to the notice of Congress. On the 28th of May, 1848, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, proposed in the Senate that the Committees of both Houses act together in maturing a plan of action with regard to the demanded enlargement.

In its original form, the Capitol measured three hundred and fifty-two feet to the inches front, by one hundred and twenty-one feet in depth. The extensions, which are so important in their character, have extended the frontage nearly four hundred feet, so that now it presents a magnificent *façade* of nearly seven hundred and fifty feet.

The building is still incomplete, the dome having yet to be added. Some doubts were expressed as to whether the old building was strong enough to sustain the weight of iron of which the dome is to be composed, but arrangements were made to secure such additional strength as to dispel all doubts on that score. The work is slowly progressing, so slowly that it is hardly possible to conjecture when it will be completed; but when that happy event is accomplished, the Federal Capital will boast of one of the most imposing and magnificent public buildings in the world.

#### CHALDECOTTE HALL;

OR,

#### THE MURDER AT SEA.

A Mr. FAVELL, in the year 1823, found himself a widower with one child, a little girl of a year and a half old, named after her mother Agnes.

The circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Favell had been of the most painful nature, and had not only given at the time a great shock to the mind of Mr. Favell, but had left a never ending regret.

The young wife had been drowned on a pleasure excursion from a romantic part of the Isle of Wight, and on the day when not a breath of wind ruffled the sea, and when the summer time was in all its beauty. Mr. Favell himself was not of the party, but he had persuaded his wife to go, although she had been reluctant to leave him at home, where he was compelled to stay in order to receive a visitor in the person of a professional man who had been commissioned to purchase for the residence of the Favells an estate named Chaldecote Hall.

It is the name of that estate that I have thought proper to append to this sketch, since it had so important a bearing upon the fortunes of the persons interested in it—namely, Mr. Favell, his wife, and his daughter Agnes.

The pleasure-boat in which Mrs. Favell and the joyous party had embarked was passing a spot close to Alum Bay, where, in clear weather and when the sea is limpid and free from the disturbance of equally weather, you may see, some fathoms deep, a complete submarine forest in miniature of beautiful seaweed.

Mrs. Favell bent over the side of the boat as she exclaimed, "How beautiful!" She by some means overbalanced herself, and fell over, cleaving the still water like an arrow from a bow, and sunk gradually without a struggle, and never rose again.

Not a soul in the boat could swim or dive to recover her, and they saw with horror and consternation her body lying in a picturesque attitude half floating among the sea-weed.

It was three hours before the body was recovered, but not before it had been seen in the strange position it occupied by the frantic Mr. Favell, who had to be held forcibly from leaping down to join it.

The depth was nine fathoms, and it was thought by the medical men who attended the inquest that the sudden chill of Mrs. Favell's immersion in the water had produced a fainting fit, from which of course she had never recovered.

Fool Mr. Favell had a long and dangerous illness, from which he only recovered to be the shadow of his former self, and to concentrate all his affections upon his infant daughter.

The estate of Chaldecote Hall had been purchased the very day of the death of Mrs. Favell. She had never seen it, and Mr. Favell himself had only paid one visit to it. It was his last, for in life he never would look upon it again.

This estate was in the county of Devonshire, about four miles from Devonport, and was one of the most considerable in the immediate neighborhood. It consisted of a beautiful old manor-house or hall, which had been built in the reign of James the First, for one of the favorites of that strange compound of cunning, ferocity and weakness, and the domain around it consisted of about six hundred acres of beautifully wooded land.

When I saw it, it had been suffered to run to waste for about thirteen years, and I never set eyes on a more romantic, enchanting spot in all my life.

There were some cottages bordering the estate, so that it is brought in a rental; and the grass land was let out to neighboring farmers; therefore there was a revenue attached to the property, although not a large one.

Now it had happened that Mrs. Favell's mother had, shortly before her daughter Agnes's union with Mr. Favell, married a second husband, in the person of a Dr. Crofton—a person, at all events, who called himself Dr. Crofton.

That this Dr. Crofton was a needy and most unscrupulous adventurer there could be no doubt whatever; and his soul motive in marrying a woman considerably his senior, was the possession of a couple of thousand pounds which she had in the funds, and upon the interest of which she lived.

Upon the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Favell, this Dr. Crofton and the mother-in-law immediately made their appearance at the Isle of Wight, and proffered their services in any way to Mr. Favell. In fact, during the long and serious illness that he went through, they took complete possession of the marine villa he occupied at Bonchurch, and of the little Agnes. In fact, when he recovered, he found himself completely in the hands of the Croftons.

The estate of Chaldecote Hall had cost to purchase it eight thousand pounds,

irrespective of the growing timber, which was valued at two thousand more; and there were fixtures, and so on, about the mansion and gardens, which made the total purchase money amount to a sum exceeding thirteen thousand pounds.

But of all this the Croftons knew nothing, and it was quite a surprise to them when, on his recovery, Mr. Favell told them he had such a property.

In addition to the information that Chaldecote Hall was his, he surprised them still more by adding that he would never set foot in it, and that he intended to go to the West Indies with his child, where he had a sister settled and married to a high functionary of one of the most healthy of the islands.

And what was to become of Chaldecote Hall?

That was the pertinent question put by the Croftons to Mr. Favell. His reply was clear and distinct,

"The mansion shall be closed, and no one shall reside in it until my daughter shall choose to take possession of it, or to sell it. The produce of the cottages and the fields can be transmitted to me, after payment of such expenses as may be incurred in keeping the Hall in outward repair."

It was in vain that the Croftons kindly intimated that they would have no objection in the world to take care of the Hall for Mr. Favell. He was firm, but he was persuaded to let them have the care of the estate, and from that moment they said nothing more on the subject.

Within two more months Mr. Favell, with his infant daughter, set sail for Jamaica.

The next day the Croftons took possession of Chaldecote Hall, despite the orders of Mr. Favell that it should be shut up.

Those orders, however, had only been given in words, and to the Croftons themselves, therefore they could easily disregard them.

The Croftons were six months at Chaldecote.

Not a servant would live with them, on account of their perpetual quarrels; and at length, on one wild and tempestuous night in February, Dr. Crofton went to the lodge, in which resided a gardener and his wife, and asked if they had seen his wife pass the gate.

They had not.

"Very well," he said. "She left the Hall about four hours ago, and said she would go London, therefore I shall not stay here any longer. I have had letters from Mr. Favell, in which he desire that if I do not choose to live at the Hall, it should be shut up, and boards nailed over the outer door. You can still reside here in the lodge, and look after the gardens, at the same wages you now receive; but it will be entirely on condition that you keep any one from intruding into the mansion on any pretence whatever."

Of course this was agreed to by the gardener and his wife; and that very next day some coarse planks were nailed over the outer doors of the Hall, and Dr. Crofton went to town.

Chaldecote Hall, from that time until some remarkable circumstances caused the shutters and its door to be opened, remained in the undisturbed occupation of rats, mice, spiders, &c.

Nobody ever saw Mrs. Crofton after that day, and Dr. Crofton resided in London, and led a life of great riot and extravagance, nobody knowing where he could find the means to do so, unless he intercepted the whole of the income from Chaldecote Hall, instead of sending it to Mr. Favell.

It turned out afterwards, that not only did he intercept the whole of that income, but that he was spending the two thousand pounds that had belonged to his wife, who had so mysteriously disappeared. And with the possession of such an amount of ready money, credit was easy; so that in about twelve years, which ran on before the main incidents of this story took place, Dr. Crofton had managed to live at the rate of over a thousand a year, and was deep in debt.

It appeared that this villainous *delouchée* had kept up a correspondence with Mr. Favell and had persuaded him, by sending fictitious vouchers, that he had invested in London, year after year, all the proceeds of Chaldecote Hall.

But the end of all that duplicity, and all that criminality, was surely to come. I have now in my possession the copy of a letter which reached Dr. Crofton, and the original of which was found among his effects when the ministers of the law felt they had a right to institute a search at the chambers he occupied in Jersey street, London.

That letter was from the sister of Mr. Favell, and dated Antigua, West Indies. It will speak for itself.

"ANTIGUA, West Indies, January 7th, 1823.

"To Dr. Crofton.

"Sir: I have the melancholy intelligence to convey to you that my brother, Mr. Favell, is no more. A search among his papers, by my husband, has brought out the fact that you have the care of an estate in England belonging to him, called Chaldecote Hall; and as he left all his property, of every description whatever to his only child, Agnes, who is now fourteen years of age, it will be necessary for you to see Mr. Whittington, a solicitor of London, who will call on you soon after you receive this, as he has been written to by this same post.

"Mr. Whittington is entrusted by my husband, who is Attorney-General here, with the conduct of the affairs of the late Mr. Favell, and he would himself have written to you, but being absent at Jamaica, we would not lose this mail to England.

"Miss Agnes Favell will leave here in the ship Bramah, which will reach England about the end of July next, we hope. No doubt you will hear of that young lady on her arrival in London. She bears with her an attested copy of her father's will, which was made two years since. I have seen the document.

"I am sir, yours obediently,

"ANNA HORSHAM."

There can be no doubt but that the receipt of this letter completely put an end to the calm and enjoyment—if such a man could be cognisant of such sensations—as of Dr. Crofton's life.

Chaldecote Hall and its revenues would be wrenching from him, and he would be asked at once for a reckoning of the past twelve years' money he had received.

No wonder, then, that Dr. Crofton thought that something must be done, and that quickly, too.

Step by step, I made it my business to find out the whole of his proceedings, and they were just these.

By a very little inquiry, he ascertained that the Bramah, which was the ship in which Agnes Favell was to come home, would touch at Madeira, both to disembark passengers and to receive them, should there be any from that island to England.

By taking a passage in some outward-bound vessel for Madeira, Dr. Crofton found that he could get there many days before the arrival of the Bramah from the West Indies. His plan, then, was quite clear, from his subsequent acts and ultimate confession.

He meant to go on board the Bramah at Madeira in another name than Crofton, and if Agnes were there as a passenger, to take some opportunity of murdering the young creature; after which he would come back to England and forge a will, leaving him the Chaldecote Hall estate in the name of the late Mr. Favell, and sell it at once, and be off somewhere else with the proceeds, which would be considerable, as the value of landed property in the neighborhood of Devonport had increased at least one-fourth since Mr. Favell purchased Chaldecote.

This atrocious plan, on the part of Dr. Crofton, appeared as if, without the cognizance of any pitying angel to interpose for the preservation of Agnes Favell, to be succeeding just as he would wish.

He reached Madeira, and put up at a hotel at Funchal as Mr. Brown, and waited for the Bramah, which at length reached the island.

Mr. Brown took his passage in the Bramah back to England, so soon as he found out that there was on board the ship a young lady as a passenger whose name was Favell.

For two days Crofton kept himself aloof from Agnes; but on the third the Mr. Brown, as he called himself, appeared at the breakfast-table.

He sat next to Agnes Favell.

She was a gentle, kindly-hearted girl; a little delicate in appearance, as if somewhat enervated by the warm climate she had been transplanted so early in life; but there was nothing positively unhealthy about her appearance.

The Mr. Brown who sat next to her was assiduous in his attentions to the young creature; and as he looked quite old enough to be her father, and wore great blue spectacles, and had rather an evangelical style of dress on, poor Agnes found nothing to suspect in the man who was looking for an opportunity to destroy her.

Day by day this Mr. Brown, who, like many men of his class, possessed a certain insinuation of address, paid much attention to the young heiress of Chaldecote Hall; but the ship was rather full of passengers, and he had not been able to get Agnes completely isolated from the cabin passengers, except on one or two occasions, and then only for a few brief seconds.

The villain was getting uneasy. The good ship Bramah was nearing England fast. What he meant to do he felt must be done quickly, or not at all.

No pity rose up in his obdurate heart for the fair and gentle girl, almost a child, whom he dogged from deck to cabin with murderous intentions; and little did she suspect that the quiet, gentlemanly Mr. Brown was on board that ship with but one object, and that her murderer. How gently he would discourse about the wonders of the deep—about kind hearts at home, who would be glad to see him, he said, when he got back to his dear family circle!

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the ship, with a favoring wind, was slowly nearing the Land's End, when, in the saloon, the discourse began upon the superstition of sailors that to sleep in the moonbeams produced insanity. It was an idea combated by some of the passengers, and doubted only by others. There was considerable hilarity upon that and upon other subjects; and Mr. Brown said, among other remarks, "I am sorry to say that I have lost one very near and dear to me by drowning; and it is said that when that is the case one has a superstitious dread of all phenomena connected with the sea or the moon."

Mr. Brown had got thus far when Agnes Favell burst into tears and left the saloon.

"I am sorry you said what you did, Mr. Brown," said an elderly lady who was present, "because Miss Favell has informed me her mother was drowned."

"Good Heaven!" said Mr. Brown, "I would not have said such a thing for the world if I had known that. I will go and make my apologies. Where is she?"

"On deck, I think."

Mr. Brown went on deck. The moon was shining with beautiful radiance upon the sea and upon the ship. Agnes was seated, weeping, in the shadow of a little deck cabin, which was just aft the mizzenmast, and which nearly occupied the whole of the deck.

She was leaning on the larboard bulwark, looking at the sea.

"My dear Miss Favell," said Mr. Brown, with a soft voice, and tones of great sympathy, "it is one of the most extraordinary things in the world that I should know your mother."

"You—you, sir! Oh, heaven, did you indeed know my mother?"

"I did indeed."

"Oh, tell me then—tell me no, no. Alas! I know too much; and yet my father would never tell me the precise manner of her death."

"I know it."

Agnes shuddered.

"You will, sir—you can, then, tell me all?"

"I can. I was present."

This was an untruth on the part of Crofton, but it had its full effect upon the imagination of Agnes. Here was a man who might, too, be said to have seen her mother die. A terrible curiosity took possession of the orphan girl, and she said:

"I know it."

"Oh, sir, if what you say be true, indeed I implore you to tell me all; for nothing that is real can exceed or reach what my fancy at times paints to me as that terrible scene!"

"I can,

like a fish, and the yacht picked her up none the worse for her sea bath, and brought her to Bristol, from whence, in company with some of the ladies of Lord Aredele's party, she went to London and sought out my brother; and told a most remarkable tale."

"What was it? About a mermaid or the sea serpent?"

"Neither. But she said there was a man on board the Bramah who called himself Mr. Brown, and that he won not her confidence exactly, but certainly her attention, by pretending he knew her mother; and that, under pretence of detailing to her particulars of her mother's death, he decoyed her one night to a lonely part of the ship and actually pushed her overboard."

"A strange tale, that."

"It is. But my brother is quite satisfied of her identity, and she is staying with him; and he has written to me that she will come down to me, and I am fully authorized to put her in possession of Chaldecote Hall, the rents of which estate have been received for a long time by a Dr. Crofton, in London, who, it appears, has absconded."

"I shall be glad to see your little heiress," said I, "when she is with you; and I only wish you had time to go with me about the country a little, as I have no more business on hand, but must stay, as the courts will not break up for another week."

"I am quite at your service," replied Mr. Whittington, "so soon as Miss Favell is arrived and settled at my house with my family, for I fancy the Hall will not be fit to receive her for some time."

I dined with Mr. Whittington that day, and by the coach that came in at four o'clock in the afternoon there arrived Agnes Favell, who had had so remarkable an escape from death. One glance at the fair, innocent face of the young girl was quite sufficient to convince any one of the entire truth of anything she might say. There was a winning charm and sweetness about her manner and look that inexpressibly delighted me.

"Miss Favell," I said, "you surely cannot mean to live all alone at Chaldecote?"

"Oh, no! But it was my dear father's wish that some part of the year I should stay there; and I hope to find some good, kind lady, who will be my friend and companion. You know, sir, I have no father, no mother, no brother, no sister."

A separate tear seemed to come into her sweet eyes as she pronounced each of these terms of relationship, and I was compelled to cough several times to keep down my own emotion.

At this moment one of Mr. Whittington's clerks tapped at the door of the room, and said, "If you please, sir, there is news come that a large ship has been lying on the Broad Sands, about fifteen miles from the rock shoal for a day and a night, and she has nearly gone to pieces; and the pilots say she is the Bramah, from Antigua."

Agnes clasped her hands together with emotion.

"That is the ship," said I, "you were in."

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"We must see to this," said Mr. Whittington. "It will indeed be a judgment of Providence if the Bramah be lost and all on board have perished, while we have the pleasure to see Miss Favell here, safe and well, by the very means which were meant for her destruction."

There was quite an excitement in and about Devonport about the wreck of the Bramah, and towards night several of the vessels that had gone off to her brought in word that she had gone completely to pieces, and that it was believed all on board had perished, as dead bodies were continually washed on shore at Sandwith Bay.

We had an idea of going to look for Mr. Brown, with the spectacles, but hardly thought it worth while; and so the matter seemed to end. A week rolled by, and Mr. Whittington, and I, and Agnes—and, in fact, all his family—had paid a visit to Chaldecote Hall, it was then I first saw it in all its luxuriant and neglected beauty.

The boards were taken down from the door, and the windows were all opened. Such furniture as had escaped the ravages of time was assembled in the great dining-hall, and in some of the upper rooms.

Then Agnes, who had engaged the services and the companionship of an elderly lady—a relation to the Whittingtons—said she would inhabit the Hall until the winter.

About five thousand pounds' worth of timber was found available on the estate; and indeed the plantations would be all the better for thinning to that extent, and the operation would provide Agnes with ready money.

The affair, interesting as it was, seemed at an end; but it was far from being so.

It was my last day at Devonport, and I was staying with Mr. Whittington, when a visitor was announced of the name of Hatton. I rose to go.

"Oh, don't stir," said Mr. Whittington. "It is only a professional friend—a solicitor—Mr. Charles Hatton. No doubt he wants to consult me about something. Ah! how are you, Hatton?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

"This is Mr. Hatton, Mr. ——."

The introduction to me was made, and we both bowed.

"I suppose," said Mr. Hatton, "that I may say anything before Mr. ——."

"Certainly—certainly."

"Well, then, I think you were concerned in that case of the heiress-at-law of Chaldecote Hall?"

"The heiress-at-law is there now, Hatton, and in full possession of all her rights."

"Ah, well, there is a firm in London of not the brightest character, from whom I have received this letter. Just read it, and tell me what you think of it."

Mr. Hatton produced a letter, and to our ineffable surprise it ran as follows:

"NEW INN, LONDON.

"To Charles Hatton, Esq., Solicitor, Devonport: Sir—May we request you, on agency terms, to act for us on behalf of our client, Dr. Crofton, legatee of an estate called Chaldecote Hall, in your immediate neighborhood? The late owner of the estate, Mr. Favell, has died in Antigua, and devised the property to Dr. Crofton, who has produced a testamentary paper to that effect. Dr. Crofton contemplates an immediate visit to Devonport, to inspect his property, and will call on you."

"We are, sir,

"Your obedient servants,  
LEVI, ABEDNEGO & LEWIS."

When this specimen of polite letter-writing was concluded we all looked at each other in astonishment.

"Why?" exclaimed Mr. Whittington, "Mr. Favell's own child has possession of the estate, and this very Dr. Crofton owns us seven thousand three hundred and twenty-seven pounds eleven shillings and one penny!"

"Does he?"

"Of course he does? The rascal received all the produce of the estate for Mr. Favell, and has absconded. Moreover, Miss Favell was actually in possession of her father's will on board the Bramah, which, you know, founded and all hands were lost, the other day. I told you the story."

"You did."

"My dear Hatton, I am glad you have come to me. Have you answered this letter?"

"No."

"Then do, and say how delighted we shall be to see Dr. Crofton."

"After Mr. Brown!" exclaimed I, as I dashed my hand on the table with a sudden impulse I could not resist; for the whole truth had flashed, so to speak, across my mind, as if by some inspiration, and not at all by any process of intuitive thought.

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Whittington.

"You see," I added, "he went to Madeira. That was the time of the disappearance of Dr. Crofton from London. He got on board the Bramah; he tried to drown Agnes. The Bramah is then wrecked, but there is a proverb that saved Crofton—Those who are born to be hanged cannot be drowned." This Dr. Crofton is our man. Agnes will identify him as the Mr. Brown who attempted her life. Oh, it is all clear! He thinks her dead—her father's will in the sea. He has forged another will, no doubt, leaving him the estates—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. Whittington; "you make my head run round."

"The villain!" exclaimed Mr. Hatton.

"Sir?" I added, will you act with us?"

"With all my heart!"

"Thank you—thank you! Then write to the solicitors in New Inn to say how delighted you will be to see Dr. Crofton and take him over the estate."

"I will."

"We will then take him there, all three of us. He shall be seen and identified by Agnes, and then all is over with Mr. Brown."

Let the reader now imagine Mr. Hatton's letter of encouragement to Dr. Crofton written. Imagine an answer, saying that in two days he will arrive; and towards the close of a beautiful autumnal day see a postchaise and four arrive at Mr. Hatton's house, from which alights a man richly dressed, but with evident marks of dissipation on his face.

"Dr. Crofton!" announces Mr. Hatton's man-servant.

Another moment, and the learned doctor is in the room, where we are all three pretending to sit over our wine, as it is after dinner.

"Mr. Hatton?" said Crofton, with an inquiring look.

"I am Mr. Hatton. These are my friends, Smith and Jones."

"Oh! ah! Glad to see you, gentlemen."

"I hope you have had a pleasant journey?" said I.

"Dusty—dusty, sir; but well enough. Ah! that is refreshing! Good claret that, Mr. Hatton?"

"I am glad you like it, sir. Will you dismiss the postchaise?"

"No. I am impatient to see Chaldecote Hall. My dear friend and relation, Mr. Favell, has, I fear, left me a troublesome property, and if I do not see it at once I shall dream about it all night."

"It is a fine property, sir," said Mr. Hatton—"a very fine property. Thinking you would like to see it as good a state as possible, I have had the house opened, and fires lighted, and the—"

"Confound you, sir, how dared you?"

Dr. Crofton turned as white as a sheet.

"Sir?" said Hatton.

"Pardon me—I am not quite well. I hope you have thoroughly routed out the east tower?"

"No; that was found sealed up, so we did not open it at all."

Dr. Crofton drew a deep breath of relief, and then he said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I don't mean to be rude; but I have a hasty way with me, that's all. Out of respect for my dear old friend and relation, Mr. Favell, I shall pass this night at Chaldecote Hall."

"Alone, sir?" said I.

"Yes, sir, alone. And if, Mr. Hatton, you will put me in possession, I should like to go at once."

"Directly, sir, directly. I have only to leave some directions with my clerks. Good night, Mr. Smith! Good night, Mr. Jones!"

This Mr. Whittington and I understood to be a hint for us to be off as soon as we could. We ran to a livery-stable close at hand, and got two horses, and were off to Chaldecote Hall at once.

I asked to see Agnes, and she was soon with us in the fine old dining-hall.

"My dear Miss Favell," I said, "a man will come here whom you will know, I think." I then told her all that had happened, and ended by saying, "Will you follow my advice, Miss Favell, and I think you may be saved some trouble and litigation?"

"Oh, yes; sir; I will."

"Then when the man is here will you be close to the door, and when you hear Mr. Hatton say, 'There is a time for all things,' will you come into the room, and walk slowly up to this Dr. Crofton, and say, 'I am here, Mr. Brown. What of my mother?'"

Agnes clasped her hands together with emotion.

That was intended for me.

"Sir?" said Crofton.

"I was only saying I had received a note left for me. Well, Dr. Crofton, here is your hall."

Crofton looked slowly round him, and then he said, "There are servants here."

"I have received a note," said Mr. Hatton.

That was intended for me.

"Sir?" said Crofton.

"I was only saying I had received a note left for me. Well, Dr. Crofton, here is your hall."

Mr. Whittington and I hid behind the folds of an enormous folding screen that was in the dining-room, and we saw Mr. Hatton and Dr. Crofton enter the room.

"I have received a note," said Mr. Hatton.

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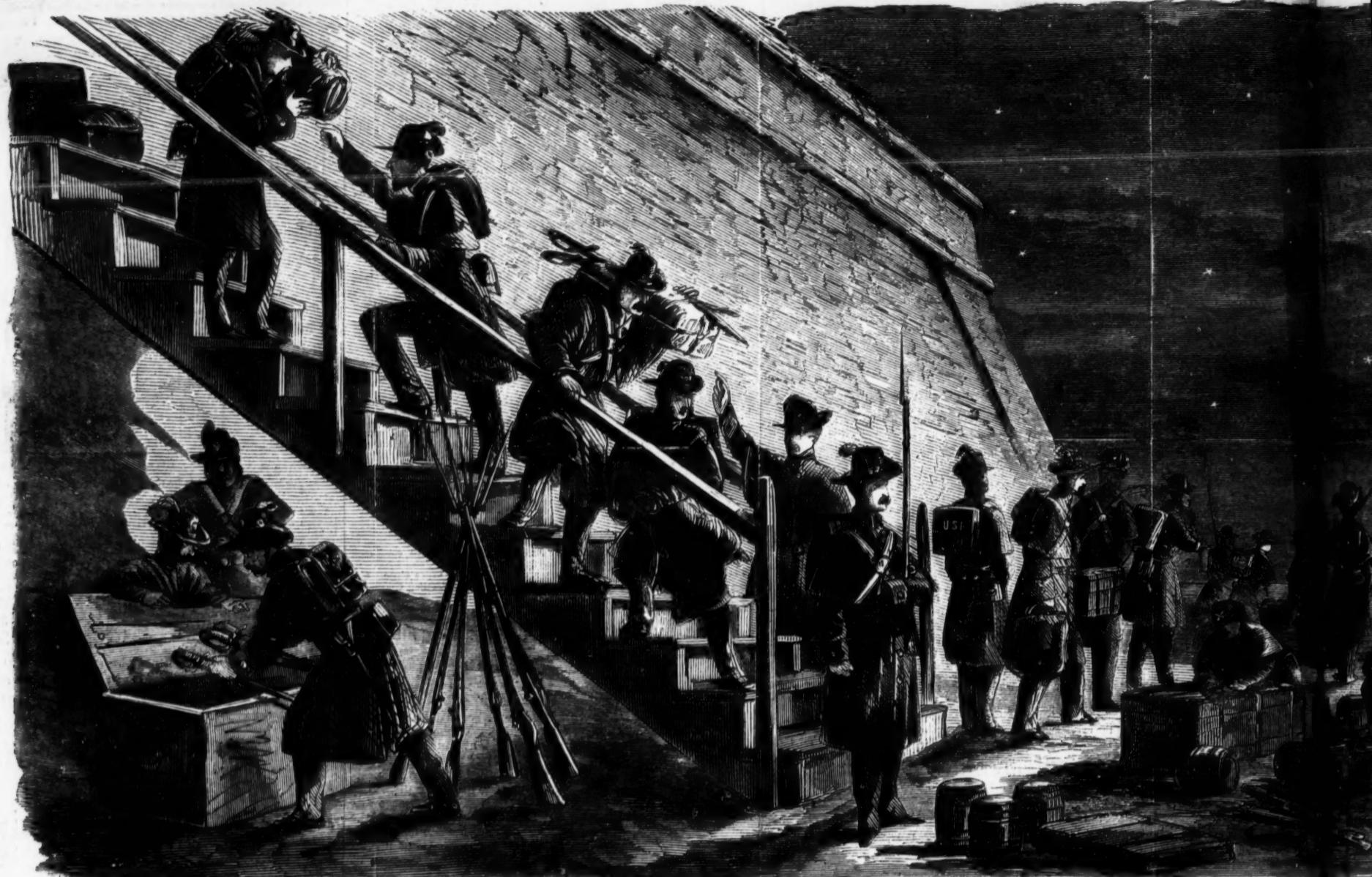
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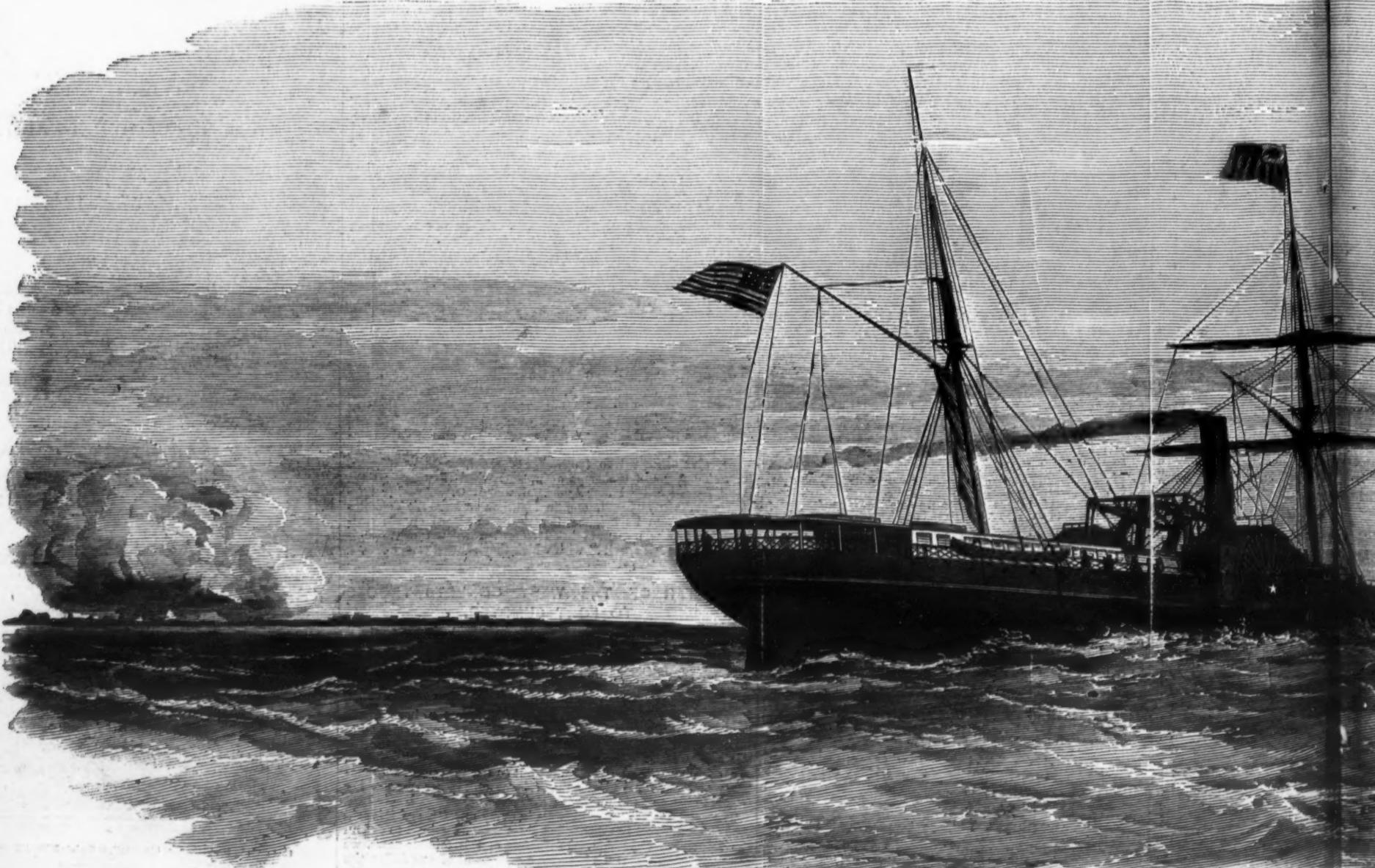
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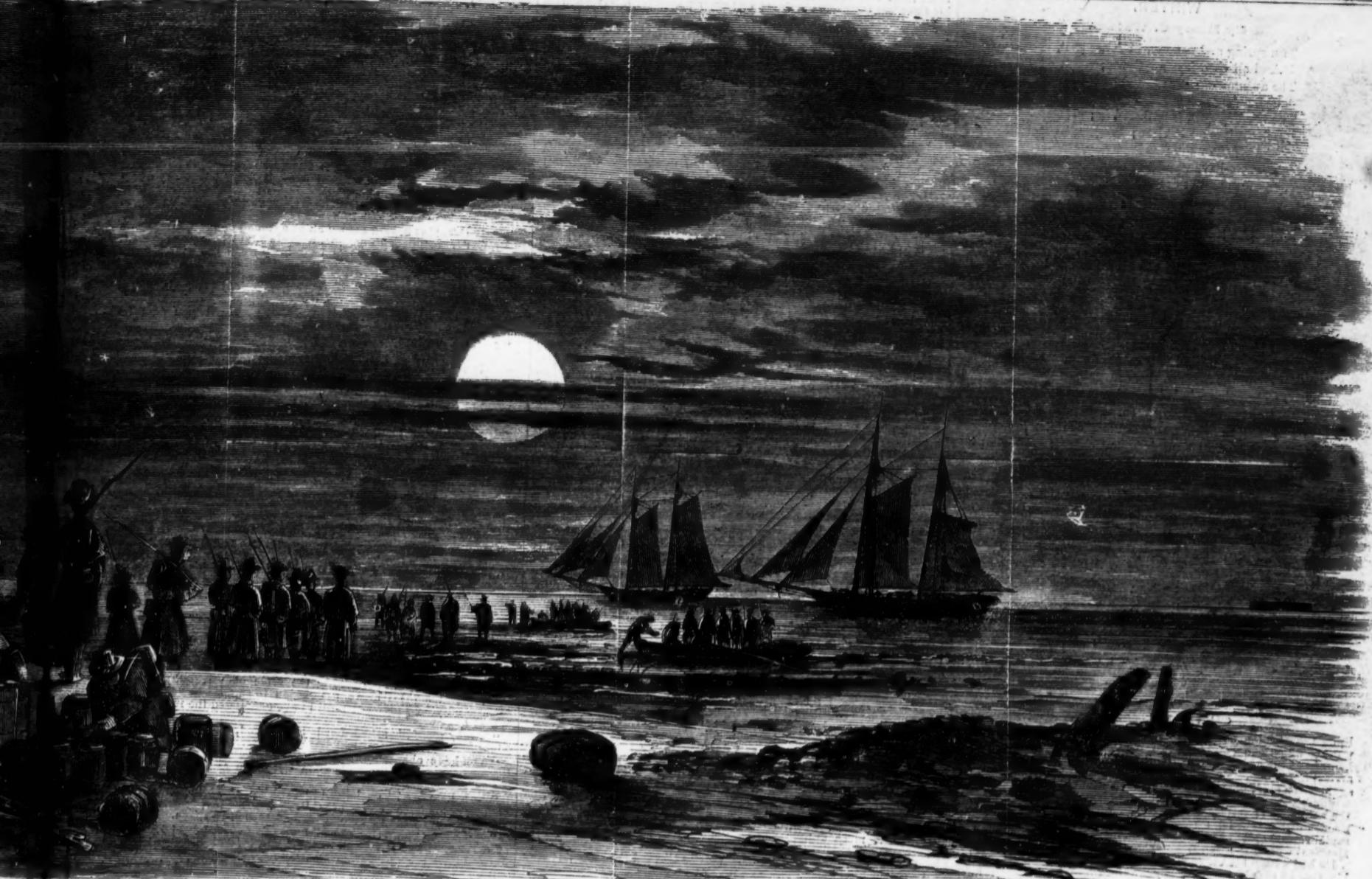


EVACUATION OF FORT MOULTRIE BY MAJOR ANDERSON AND THE UNITED STATES TROOPS, ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT,

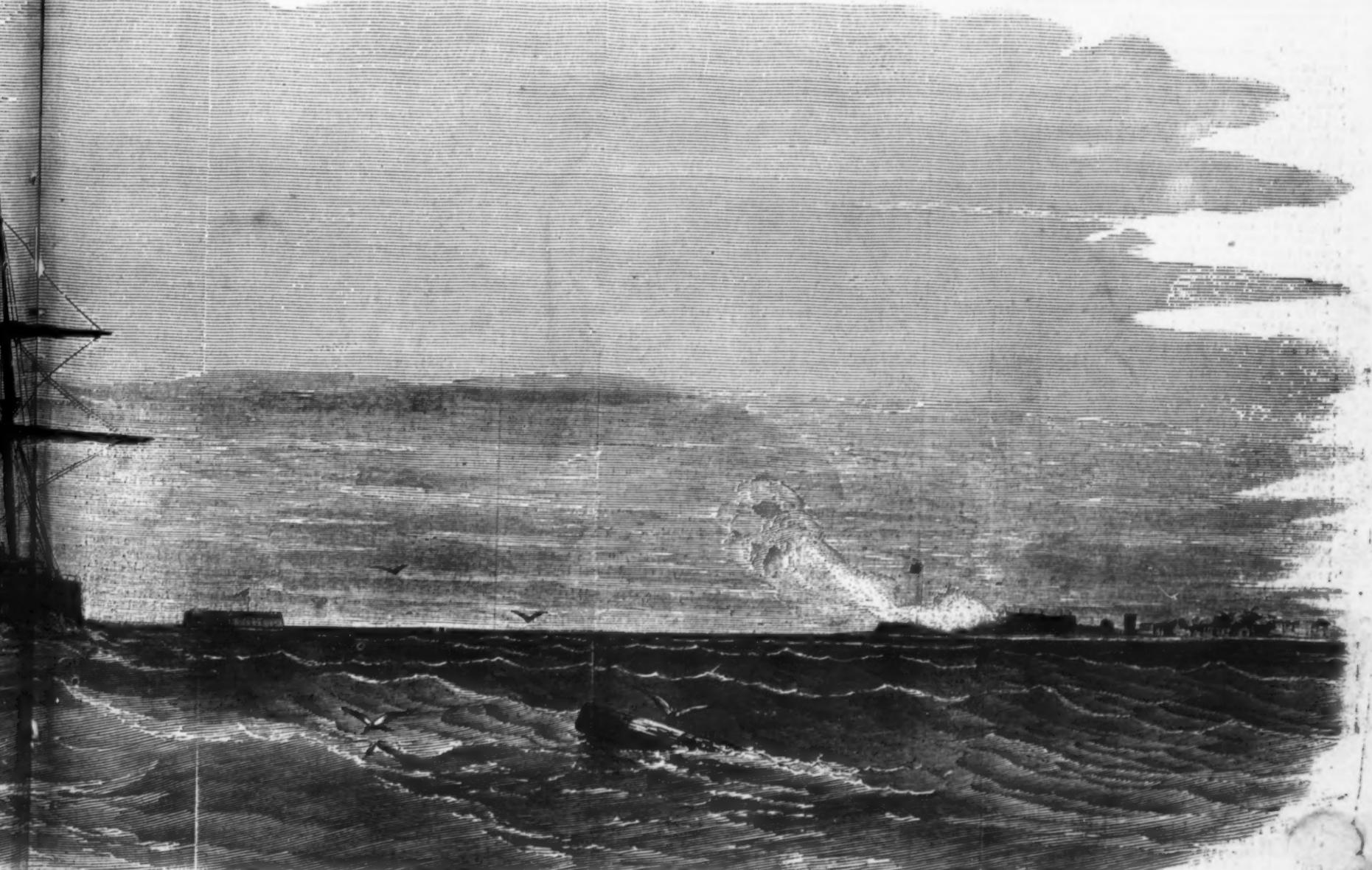


BATTERY ON MORRIE ISLAND.

THE STEAMSHIP STAR OF THE WEST, WITH REINFORCEMENTS FOR MAJOR ANDERSON, APPROACHING FORT SUMTER.



JAN. 19, 1861—THE TROOPS CONVEYING POWDER AND OTHER STORES IN SLOOPS TO FORT SUMPTER—See Page 135.



FORT SUMPTER

FORT MOULTRIE

—THE SOUTH CAROLINIANS FIRING AT HER FROM THE BATTERIES ON MORRIS ISLAND AND FORT MOULTRIE.

## WINTER.

By Henry C. Watson.

The spring and summer both are past,  
And all their joys are flown;  
The autumn's golden tinted leaves  
Upon the earth are strown.  
The bending corn is gathered in;  
The fruit is all in store;  
All barren now the meadows gay,  
That we have wandered o'er.  
The winter cometh now,  
With storms around his brow,  
And bitter northern blast.  
Ah! weep for pleasures gone,  
All perished! every one.  
Too bright, too bright to last!

The fleecy snow is falling fast  
Upon the frozen ground;  
The rivers, erst so glancing bright,  
In icy chains are bound.  
The winter moon looks coldly down  
Upon the earth so drear;  
The howling winds in boding tones  
Proclaim the dying year.  
The Spring, so fresh and warm,  
Has all Youth's joyous charm;  
The Summer is life's Prime;  
Like Autumn, ripened Age;  
Then comes life's closing page,  
The solemn Winter time.

## ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

## SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &amp;c., &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

ERLE's short sojourn in London rendered him peculiarly alive to his want of experience, and he was several times prompted to write to Ishmael at the address he had received, acquainting him with his arrival in London. Yet there was some inward recoil to meet again that cold, pale, stern man, even though he knew he held within his keeping the secret of his real history. Ay, even though the words which fell from that strangely beautiful and mysterious maiden of Kingswood Chace led him to the supposition that the same remarkable being who had been her only friend in life was identical with that Ishmael who had enacted the same part to him.

He had within his valise fifty pounds. Ishmael had given it to him that he should not enter Kingswood Hall a beggar; that should any pecuniary want arise immediately on his arrival at Kingswood Hall he might meet it, and thus he spared the necessity of applying too soon to Lord Kingswood for funds it would be afterwards his duty to supply.

Abandoning the idea of an application to Ishmael, he resolved to devote this sum to the commencement of the active duties of that life wherein he was to carve his own fortune. He was, however, at a loss for an opening; he knew not where nor how to commence, and he was too proud to ask counsel of Carlton Stanhope, who, though in some respects frivolous, knew more of the world's ways than he did.

He was desirous of acting without further loss of time, urged by his anxiety to know what had followed his departure from Kingswood, for the absence of all intelligence was almost unbearable; yet he hesitated.

At last, after weighing the matter, he resolved to abate some thing of his pride, and without letting Carlton further into his confidence than he thought necessary, to ask for suggestions as to the best mode of opening up some career for himself likely to be both honorable and profitable.

That evening at dessert, while engaged in conversation with Carlton and his sister, he, as if accidentally, touched upon his future, which he intimated was at present undefined, and might be worked out in some far distant country.

A fancy crossed him at this moment that the large, deep-brown eyes of Beatrice, which he perceived were fastened upon him with a steadfast, earnest, thoughtful gaze, were suffused with moisture. A moment more and her pale face was bent downwards, and perhaps his impression was but fancy after all.

Carlton Stanhope responded.

"We can manage better than by expatriating you, Gower," he said, in an easy, nonchalant tone. "I expect the governor home in a few days. He has heard of you from me many times. Now, he is an old friend of Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood, and Lord Kingswood has great influence with the Minister, the Marquis of Chillingham. You shall have a Government appointment. I am expecting one every day, and you shall, therefore, remain here to win all the emoluments and the honors of office. By-the-bye, while on my way to the Treasury this morning on my own business, I met the Honorable Cyril Kingswood—your pet, you know, Beatrice. He was walking up Whitehall, at a quick pace, and looks decidedly ill. However, he has promised to lunch with us to-morrow, and we will talk over your advancement, Gower. You will find him a very agreeable, pleasant, charming fellow. Is he not, Beatrice? Mind, you know, you must look as enchanting as possible, for he is a prize in every respect worth a woman's winning."

Erle, overwhelmed by this communication, had but a hazy notion of what followed until they retired from the table, then pleading sudden indisposition, he declined attending an evening party to which Carlton had procured him an invitation with his sister and himself, even though Beatrice, with rather unusual earnestness, pressed him to accompany them.

Alone in his sleeping-chamber, he penned a note to Carlton, couched in fervid language, thanking him and his sister with grateful sincerity for their kindness and hospitality, and expressed his great regret that unlock'd-for intelligence had compelled him to quit him in a manner which appeared abrupt and ungracious, but which he begged him to believe was not so intended.

Shortly after Carlton and Beatrice quitted the house, Erle called the butler, requested him to deliver the note he handed to him to Carlton in the morning when he came down to breakfast, and then summoning a cab, he entered it and drove away, whither he knew not, and, as he bitterly thought, cared not.

## CHAPTER XX.

His face kindled like a burning coal;  
Now cold despair succeeded in her stead,  
To livid paleness turns the glowing red,  
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,  
Like water which the strong wind constrains,  
Then thus he said.—Dy.

Upon the blood-stained turf, with blanched face, a ghastly, gory object, lay Philip Avon, lifeless.

He had entered the glade with thoughts of murder rampant in his evil mind. He had contemplated slaughter when he upraised his sword to cross it with Erle's, he had determined upon mercilessly and remorselessly shooting his antagonist through the heart when he levelled at his body the pistol which he believed to be alone charged with the fatal bullet.

Yet here he lay stretched in the semblance of a sanguinary death, his foul designs and murderous intents baffled, nay, all but reversed. It was well for him that Cyril Kingswood, restless in his banish-

ment from Violet, the Maiden of the Chace, formed a resolve upon his sleepless couch to obtain, at all hazards, another interview with her, even at the risk of any result which might arise from the frenzied wrath of the man who assumed the control of her life and actions.

On his way to search for her, determined to relax no exertion, even though that search absorbed the baffled explorations of the whole day, he heard the sharp report of a pistol, followed by another discharge, and a wild human cry of agony.

For one moment this incident superseded the thoughts with which his mind was filled, and, increasing his speed, he hurried in the direction whence the sounds proceeded.

As he rushed into the glade his eyes caught sight of an individual who darted across the open space and disappeared in a copse. A second glance showed him a lifeless figure upon the earth, grimly bedabbled in blood.

He, on reaching the body, knelt by its side and examined the face. He uttered a startled cry of recognition. He looked hurriedly round him upon the grass—he perceived a pair of swords, one blood-stained; at a short distance from them a pistol, seemingly hastily flung down, an open case and the upper garments of the prostrate, motionless being at whose side he knelt and whose right hand yet grasped a discharged pistol.

Cyril needed no clue to unravel the meaning of this scene.

"Philip Avon and Gower have met. Philip has fallen—Gower has fled," he muttered.

Then he placed his hand upon the heart of Philip Avon. He detected a slight beating there, and then, with the speed of a deer, he made for Kingswood Hall.

As soon as he reached it, he alarmed the household, and returned with a body of servants, some bearing restoratives and bandages. The medical attendant upon himself and Lady Kingswood, who had been taken suddenly and mysteriously ill, being yet at Kingswood Hall, accompanied them, and they hastened to where Cyril had left the body.

They found Philip Avon making feeble efforts to raise himself, and uttering delirious cries; but as they reached him, he again fell back in a swoon.

The surgeon proceeded at once to examine and to temporarily bandage his wounds; and when this task was completed, the insatiate form was laid carefully and tenderly upon a litter roughly but promptly constructed. Four stout fellows took charge of it, and it was borne in mournful procession to Kingswood Hall.

At the entrance, white-faced and excited, stood Lord Kingswood.

Already through the household was spread like wildfire the intelligence that Mr. Philip Avon had been discovered in the Chace foully and cruelly murdered.

Countenances of terror and gloom were to be seen among the servants who had remained within the hall. They whispered remarks about the Chace, muttered couplets about the doom of the house, and gazed awe-stricken and almost paralysed, as the still, motionless, ghastly body—the blood oozing thickly through the bandages which covered the wounds—was brought, with a dull and hurried tramp, into the building.

For a time all was hurry and confusion, and it was not until the surgeon had renewed his examination, and properly bandaged every gashed place in Philip Avon's body, that his stern and repeated remonstrances for the maintenance of a strict silence were attended to.

Lord Kingswood, unable to endure the ghastly sight the body presented, awaited in his library the surgeon's report. At length, when his sickly impatience was exhausted, the surgeon made his appearance. With a grave face he announced the patient to be in extreme danger. He said that he had been wounded in several places, and the principal bone in his right arm had been shattered near the shoulder. With the accustomed professional reserve, he made no reference to the cause, and hesitated to speak of the probable results. He retired, therefore, leaving Lord Kingswood but little more enlightened on the subject than he had been at first.

It was not until nearly noonday that he learned the body of Philip Avon had been discovered by his son Cyril. He assumed that one of the gamekeepers had first seen it and had given the alarm; he had, therefore, let the point pass unquestioned. He sent a message to Cyril, requesting his immediate attendance; but, after a diligent search, he was informed that Cyril could not be found within, in the mansion, the gardens, or the park. In the excitement attendant on the arrival of the senseless body, the departure of Cyril had been unnoticed, and remained so until his presence was requested by his father.

Irritated, annoyed, and, as well, amazed, he sent out some men into the Chace in search of him, especially as the memory of the recent attack upon him was not only very fresh in his mind, but, if it had escaped him, it would have been renewed by the muttered observations of some of his people which caught his ear, attributing to the wood demon, Tubal Kish, the murderous onslaught both upon Cyril and Philip Avon.

Still in suspense, as the day wore on, he found the incertitude and doubt in which he was plunged insupportable, and he resolved to proceed himself, well supported by attendants, to the Chace, in search of Cyril; determining, at the same time, if it were possible, to unkennel Tubal Kish, of whom he had frequently, for years, heard his gamekeepers speak unfavorably, to try the effect of a jail upon him as a cure for his villainous propensities.

Before, however, he quitted his study to put his intention into operation, Pharisée entered it, evidently to communicate some intelligence of importance to him.

Lord Kingswood knew by a glance at the man's face there was something for him to hear of an unwelcome character. There was a sinister, restless movement of his eye, a lowering of his bushy, beetling black brows; his lips looked thinner and longer than ever.

Lord Kingswood turned sharply to him, and said, snappishly,

"What now?"  
"Can your lordship spare me a few moments, without interfering with your valuable time?" rejoined Pharisée, with a slow, cringing bend.

"Unless it is anything of importance, no," returned Lord Kingswood, quickly. "I am dissatisfied with the singular absence of Mr. Cyril, for, at such a time, it is singular. I intend to head a party to search for him in the accursed Chace. It is monstrous that, surrounded by a horde of lazy idlers, swarming everywhere but where they should, a ruffianly gipsy vagabond is permitted to roam my grounds at will, and commit murderous outrages upon my own son and upon the son of my most highly-valued friend. S'death! it makes my blood burn like fire in my veins when I think of it. But I'll have the woods scoured, and the scoundrel, when taken, shall be sent, a felon, to the antipodes. I would the law would permit it; I'd hang the villain from one of the branches of the trees which overlooked his sanguinary violence."

"Hang who, my lord?" inquired Pharisée, with a counterfeited look of surprise.

"Who?" repeated Lord Kingswood, fiercely. "Who but the ruffian, the poacher, the atrocious cut-throat called Tubal Kish? that, I believe, is the rascal's name."

Pharisée curled his lips into a hateful smile, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head dissentingly.

Lord Kingswood regarded him with a look of angry surprise.

"What do you mean by that gesture, Pharisée?" he inquired, haughtily.

"That I fear your lordship is misinformed in this matter," was the reply given, with a bowed head.

"Misinformed? Paha!" cried Lord Kingswood, angrily. "There is a fellow of the name I have mentioned roaming like a wolf over my domains, stealing and murdering—"

"Pardon me, my lord," interposed Pharisée, "I am so fearful of offending you. I know that there is some rough blackguard named Tubal Kish who prowls about, committing petty depredations, but does your lordship possess any proofs that this man has actually perpetrated the deeds of violence the bad character he possesses has given him the credit of?"

"Proofs?" iterated his lordship. "Pooh! pooh! some of my people say—"

"But Mr. Cyril, my lord, did he inform your lordship that Tubal Kish was the author of the outrage upon him?"

"Mr. Cyril preserves the strangest possible silence respecting the whole affair," returned his lordship.

Pharisée shrugged his shoulders, and turned his rat-like eyes upon the ground.

Lord Kingswood saw there was something behind this expressive movement, and an uneasy feeling rose up in his mind. Apprehensions of he knew not what stole over him.

"Why do you hesitate, Pharisée?" he said, clearing his throat from a sudden huskiness which seized it.

"I hope your lordship will not think me rude or presuming," he answered, in a sleek voice, "but—but does not your lordship think this silence respecting the brutal attack upon him a very extraordinary line of conduct upon the part of Mr. Cyril, always, hitherto, so open and frank?"

"I have said so!" ejaculated Lord Kingswood, with extended eyes and lips apart.

"Does your lordship remember who discovered Mr. Cyril senseless in the Chace?" inquired Pharisée, with a furtive glance and a cringing bend of his body.

"Mr. Gower—certainly; but what of that?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, quickly, at the same time growing pale; "but what of that?"

"Your lordship can hardly have forgotten that Mr. Gower denied having seen Mr. Cyril for hours when he was first missed; yet your lordship will also recollect that he was with his senseless form when the gamekeepers, who had without success hunted in every direction, came up with him."

"What of this man?" cried Lord Kingswood, becoming white.

"What would you insinuate? Speak!"

"Only this, that having denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of Mr. Cyril," responded Pharisée, with slow, yet cutting emphasis, "Mr. Gower knew where to find his body when the search for it became very hot."

Lord Kingswood felt as though, for a moment, life was suspended within him. Then, with a sudden rush of blood to his brain, he exclaimed, fiercely,

"This audacity is unparalleled, fellow; would you dare insinuate—"

"Nothing, my lord," responded Pharisée, in a humbler attitude. "I do not insinuate, my dear lord; you will observe I do not insinuate, I merely state facts. Your lordship is, perhaps, not aware that Mr. Cyril has neither seen nor spoken to Mr. Gower since his recovery; in fact, he has rather pointedly shunned him. Previously, he was warm in his attentions to him. Will your lordship at least not acknowledge this conduct at best remarkable?"

"It would be far more astonishing to me if Mr. Cyril were to hesitate to reveal that Mr. Gower had brutally, and like a ruffian, beaten him to the earth, if he had been guilty of such a piece of atrocity," returned Lord Kingswood, still speaking with heat.

"Mr. Cyril is kind and generous hearted," persisted Pharisée, in an insinuating tone. "Mr. Gower was your lordship's protege. Mr. Gower saved the life of Lady Maud."

"Aye!" interposed Lord Kingswood, quickly, "and at the hazard of his own. That was not the act of a common ruffian."

"But," urged Pharisée, persistently, "it was an act well calculated to seal Mr. Cyril's lips."

"But the motive for such an outrage?" rejoined his lordship.

"I do not pretend to divine it," answered Pharisée, with affected meekness. "My duty extends no further than the putting of facts into your lordship's possession."

Lord Kingswood thought in silence a moment or so, and then said, impatiently,

"Your insinuation is an unworthy one, Pharisée. I do not credit its accuracy."

"Your lordship will please accept my communication for what it is worth," rejoined Pharisée, in the same offensively hypocritical tone. "But might I crave permission to suggest to your lordship to suspend your judgment until I have concluded the information I bring?"

"What, more?" asked Lord Kingswood, eagerly, almost in fright.

"You have charged the forest rogue, Tubal Kish, with having inflicted the dreadful wounds upon Mr. Philip Avon, from which he is now suffering."

"I—I, Pharisée?" exclaimed his lordship. "I told you that some of my people have declared that."

"They were wrong," emphatically returned Pharisée.

"What are you driving at man? Speak out at once; your mode of communication is torture to me," cried Lord Kingswood, in an excited manner.

"My lord, again I protest against being considered as the author of insinuations," returned Pharisée, still adopting that oily tone which pretended to much respectfulness; "I offer you facts only."

"Go on!" impatiently cried his lordship.

"Mr. Gower has, of course, only become acquainted with Mr. Philip Avon since his arrival at Kingswood," continued Pharisée; "yet Mr. Gower at once, and for some unexplained cause, conceived a violent antipathy to him. I happened to be passing the end of a corridor on the day that both my Lady Maud and Mr. Avon met with their accident. Some words passed between them which I did not overhear, and then suddenly I saw—"

Pharisée hesitated, as though he did not like to reveal what he had seen.

"Proceed!" cried Lord Kingswood, irefully. "To hesitate now is mere vulgar brutality."

The eyes of Pharisée gleamed up for an instant, and then their fire was subdued as quickly.

"I saw Mr. Gower strike Mr. Avon to the earth."

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devilish, vindictive expression on his face. He ground his teeth together, and bubbling froth issued between his white skinny lips.

"This adds another nail to the coffin preparing for your happiness, my Lord of Kingswood," he muttered. "Taunts and scoffs are to be appeased; blows—such blows—never, never! Oh, but I will pierce you in your most sensitive part, my lord! You shall shed tears of blood for every blow you have honored your faithful menial with. My Lady Kingswood shall help me pay the debt I owe to you; and trust, me, my lord, I'll strike the iron while it is hot."

As he concluded his mutterings, he, too, hurried from the room, and passing through the corridor, crept rather than walked towards Lady Kingswood's suite of apartments.

He paused at the door of the outer chamber, knocked a low, soft knock; it was not answered. He noiselessly opened the door and peered within—there was no one within the apartment.

He crept stealthily, like a cat—if possible, with less noise in his footfall—to the centre of the room, and gazed about him. All was silent as the grave.

The door of Lady Kingswood's private sitting-room was ajar, and he peeped within.

He saw Lady Kingswood just entering her sleeping-chamber with a disturbed and agitated manner, and she closed the door of the room with a loud noise.

Upon a table stood a magnificent writing-desk open.

In an instant he was in front of it. He lifted one of the flaps and looked within. On the very top lay a note which looked crumpled, and was wet with recent tears.

He seized it. It was addressed to Lady Kingswood. It was signed "Chillingham."

He thrust it in his breast, his eyes glistened fiercely, a triumphant smile curled his thin lips, and he muttered, in a guttural whisper, "My Lady Kingswood, you shall sue to me. Till now I dared not lift an eyelash to your nobility. Now I will look into your eyes."

A footstep in the corridor startled him. He glided through both rooms, and at the very door of the ante-chamber encountered Lady Mand, with pale, affrighted face, and trembling in a tumult of excitement.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

Thus the stern voice spoke in triumph:

"I have shut your life away  
From the radiant world of day.  
And the perfumed light of day.  
You who loved to steep your spirit  
In the charm of earth's delight,  
See no glory of the daytime  
And no sweetness of the night."—A. A. P.

In the city of the three millions there is to be found the greatest solitude. The unfriended, unknown stranger will meet with it in the busiest streets. The isolated and forlorn may discover it in the most crowded localities. Poverty-stricken pride can command its unbroken seclusion in densely populated districts. The penniless and the homeless find it within the compass of its swarming thoroughfares. Timid and abashed misery encounters desolation in the centre of the busy hive of humanity. The outcast tests its loneliness but too painfully amid the currents and the eddies of the moving multitude. The outlaw and the fugitive from justice obtain reclusion where thousands congregate, even in the very heart of close and festering neighborhoods. The abandoned and the hopeless see in it but a Great Sahara; while those who would fly from observation obtain obscurity and privacy in the midst of thronging masses, or in the thickly congregated labyrinthine highways and byways of the mighty Metropolis!

Well might Ishmael Malpas, in designing to select some retired spot even yet more secluded than the unfrequented depths of Kingswood Chace, wherein to place the forest maiden so mysteriously in his custody, and under his control, determine upon seeking it in London.

Well might he, conversant with its ways, knowing it a wilderness to such as he, make choice of it the better to keep the forest flower hidden from the lordly hand which sought to pluck, ruin and destroy it.

Ishmael had lost faith in his kind. His trusting confidence had been blighted by a killing frost at the very moment it was in the glowing, gushing prime of generous youth.

He had been jilted by the only woman he had ever loved; deceived, betrayed by the only friend in whom he had trusted with an unreserved faith; he had watched the progress of many, in order that he might save himself from the sin of self-gloryification, wrought out of a universal condemnation of his race. He had again trusted, to be again deceived. He had tried to find woman's falsity the exception; he had proved it the rule. He had tried to convince himself that the sanctity of friendship was but rarely violated; he found that its integrity was but yet more rarely preserved.

False love, false friends, brought heartweariness, and made faith faint. He could not step out from his nature as from a vainglorious and rainbow-hued garment, to don sackcloth and walk with ensanguined feet upon the sharp-cutting stony road of cold, selfish, treacherous life; but he could wear over that raiment of many pure and spotless colors a mantle of ice; hard, cold and, apparently, unimpassionable; and he did.

What memories may, at times, have pierced his brain with acute and mortal agony; what retrospects may have wrung his heart with cruel agony, and have brought sweat-drops of blood upon his clammy yet burning brow, none but himself knew.

Those fierce and fearful wrestlings with anguished despair took place when he was far from human eye, and in the dead hour of the night, when the cold, pale stars looked down upon him out of the dark, deep blue vault of heaven, with an icy, unsympathising glittering.

His general bearing was sternly calm, frigid and impassable.

Violet, the forest flower, had never known him exhibit another mood. She had not observed him in her days of childhood follow her gambols with eager admiring expressed on his animated face. She had not in her days of girlhood detected his large, melancholy, earnest eyes fondly watching her light, airy, tripping movements over the soft grass, graceful in their action as those of the wood-fawn. Aye, even until a gush of moisture filled them to overflowing.

If she had, she would then have seen him shade his eyes with his hand, and turn away as though the lustrous sunshine in which she moved was all too brilliant for his vision.

She had known no change in him until the hour in which Tubal Kish had informed him that her streamside ramblings, her wanderings in the wood labyrinths, her saunterings in the Chace solitudes, had been shared by Cyril Kingswood, the son of that man who had plunged a hand of fire into his breast, and wrenched out his heart.

Then wild anger, rage, frenzy, all the fiery, stormy passions, long pent up within that marble frame, upheaved, broke down their icy barriers, and burst forth in a torrent of ungovernable fury.

The tempest, indeed, expended itself upon the timid, shrinking, affrighted girl, for even while yet it raged with violence, his wrathful eyes observed her pallid features, her half-closed lids, her colorless lips, her panting bosom, and the signs they exhibited warned him that his maddened indignation and frantic denunciations were fast driving her into swooning unconsciousness.

Then he ceased, relapsing as suddenly into his accustomed chilling demeanor as he had leaped out of it. Nor did he change his stern, cold mein, even after he had detected Violet alone with Cyril, in violation of his peremptory command never to see or even hint of him more.

For a short period—to her a dreary age—he kept her confined to her chamber, while he was occupied in making certain active preparations for their departure from the old hunting-lodge, none of which she beheld, in none of which she took interest, although she knew they were going on, and were intended to remove her far from the paradise in which her young life had hitherto been passed.

A fair, radiant scene, made up of waving trees, blossoming flowers, and bubbling, translucent waters, it is true, but a paradise to her eyes, because she had wandered in it with one who in her eyes appeared a second Raphael,

Native of Heaven, for other place

None can to Heaven such glorious shape contain.

What mattered it to her what form the preparations took, of what nature their details; it was already too much to know that they were intended to separate her from the chiefest impulse of her life. As well might she have entertained a restless anxiety to master the preparatory arrangements for her own entombment.

Her chamber window—a mere loop-hole—enabled her to overlook a portion of the Chace, but during her continuous weeping, watching, the shadow of no human form darkened the rich green sward. Sunlight played not radiantly there upon the only human form she cared to gaze upon.

That night Ishmael coldly informed her that she would quit the scene of her former life, for years at least, perhaps for ever, on the morrow. Without awaiting her reply—though she had none to make—he quitted her.

That night, with vague hope, she revisited the haunts she loved, because she had wandered in them with him. That night she encountered Erle, but not Cyril, and fled abruptly from him, when her eyes encountered the wild, rude, ungainly form of Tubal Kish.

Before the break of day, even while Erle was awaiting the coming of Philip Avon, Ishmael conveyed her away from her forest home.

Two days were passed in travelling in a close carriage; one night at a sequestered, lone inn; the second, past the hour of midnight, London was entered.

The vehicle passed through the now silent and more than semi-deserted streets, and at length they paused at the door of a house in a largely populated neighborhood.

A prisoner borne to confinement, from whence there is no prospect of escape, takes little heed of the aspect of the prison walls without. Violet was confused and bewildered, it is true, by the sights and scenes new to her—by the seemingly endless avenues of houses, more thickly clustered together than trees in the forest aisles and vistas, but the presence of one thought made the operation of observing them purely mechanical, and she took no notice whatever of the exterior of the building into which she was conducted.

A staid, vinegar-aspected, tall, matronly woman, evidently prepared for her coming, received her, and conducted her to a sleeping-chamber.

She did not address a word to the poor, quivering girl—rather a relief to her, for Violet's timid eyes found in her bony visage a resemblance to the features of Tubal Kish, by no means flattering to the ruffian.

Violet, tired, wearied with her journey, more with her sorrow, sought her couch, and nestled in it, heart-sore, like a wounded dove.

In the day light she saw that brick walls alone faced her windows. There were no moving, bending trees, no patches of green sward, no beds of flowers to be seen from her casement, nothing but the dull walls and a gray, hazy patch of sky, more like a leaden pall than the free, bright heaven she had been accustomed to gaze at.

Week passed after week, and the only change she was permitted to taste was to pass to an adjoining apartment, a sitting-room, possessing precisely the same prospect.

During this time she saw nothing of Ishmael. Her only companion was the tall and scraggy effigy of Tubal Kish, who had received her on her arrival.

This female, so unfeminine in the sight of Violet, attended upon her and sat with her, in order to make the time fly away in the most agreeably cheerful manner. She vowed to Violet that she would cause her to become as lively under her prattle as a bird—a caged bird screeched at by an old, unpitying hawk.

Violet felt faint at the announcement, and would have declined this signal mark of her esteem, but that she was unable to successfully interpose an objection which her attenuated attendant was not prepared to overrule.

At the earliest possible moment she admitted Violet to her confidence, by communicating to her that she was a spinster—by choice. Probably that of the gentlemen who were favored with a transient examination of her countenance.

Appropriately she was surnamed Virgo—Miss Albertina Virgo—and Albertina confessed to her young friend—for Violet was her junior by a tribe of forty-two years—that she had, at an early age, repudiated a sweethearts. No doubt it had, with remarkable vivacity, returned the compliment, but upon that point Albertina did not enlarge. Possibly she had received instructions from Ishmael; if she had not, it was somewhat remarkable that she should harp so much upon the heartless iniquity, the base selfishness, the inconstancy, faithlessness, and general villainy of the opposite sex.

She entered upon her task—if the task had been set her—con amore. She had never, she declared, plighted her maiden faith, nor pledged her virgin vow, to any scoundrel of the male "speeches." In the days of her girlish fascination she had, kept off, with a basilisk's glare, every traitor in a coat and hat. Nay, rather than be stormed by the impetuous ardor of impassioned love stricken rascallions, she protested that she had veiled her loveliness from the sight, a remark which made Violet marvel when, with large, wondring eyes, she gazed upon Albertina's countenance. So great an alteration from beauty to the aspect it now presented she, in her innocence, deemed impossible.

"Miss Albertina's visage became of a sudden mottled."

"No wonder," she responded, screwing up her nose until the tip became a white circle of dough-colored flesh. "No wonder, Miss Violet, considering what I have had to undergo at the hands of the horrid male creatures. I couldn't tell you half the wrongs I have suffered at their hands. I tell you my dear, and you may take my word for it, they are all, without exception, a swarm of base devilers."

"Were you ever deceived?" inquired Violet, in a timid, trembling voice.

The question came upon Miss Virgo like an avalanche, and took her breath away.

Presently recovering herself, she wagged her head to the danger of her front of small tight ringlets, and said emphatically, with a slight nasal twang, "No, no, the wretches never had the chance."

It is doubtful whether they would have taken it if they had. Albertina, however, confined herself to the glory of never having offered it.

"But the young, the good, the handsome," murmured Violet, slyly;

"they, surely, are not false, designing and untruthful?"

"The vilest villains of the lot," instantly replied Miss Virgo, viciously. "Handsome fellows, indeed, ha! they are the vagabonds of the race. They'll break young girl's hearts with as much indifference as they would snap one of their filthy tobacco pipes when they no longer require it. Those are the genry who fought shy of me; they didn't like my looks, I can tell you. No, no, they never tried their sneaking, circumventing, soft glances and lying speeches upon me. One look in my face was enough for them; they saw that I was not a person to be easily cajoled or to waste their base flattery upon. Handsome fellows, indeed! don't talk to me about handsome fellows."

"But—but Miss Virgo," said Violet, clasping her hands and gazing at her with piteous earnestness, "you have had, evidently a very, very long experience with all the world; you do not—cannot mean to assure me that all—the beings of whom you speak are vile and wicked alike?"

"Every man jack of them!" exclaimed Miss Virgo, with emphatic force. "Not a pin to choose between them. Why, there were my brothers—six of them—fine, handsome young fellows, all with golden chestnut hair alike; they treated me, their only sister, like pack of vicious brutes. They quarrelled with me perpetually. I am sure there was always a row going on between one of them and myself—and they used to pull my hair—the loveliest golden chestnut, too—out by handfuls; they kicked my shins, and oh! gave me such dreadful blows in the back. Not but what I could take my own part. I used to give back kick for kick, scratch them preciously, and always came off with my share of hair. Now, if they would act in this cruel fashion to a young, delicate, attractive creature as I was then, how would they behave to young girls with fewer charms and not their sister? It don't admit of a doubt. They are all alike, take my word for it."

Violet hesitated to take her word, firstly, because she could not bring herself to think that this person, not having seen Cyril, could form any just opinion respecting his merits or demerits, his truth or falsity; and secondly, she hesitated to place implicit faith in one who said that in her youth she had been beautiful and fair, when now she was affected with a very ugly plainness of feature, was as brown as a cocoa-nut, and looked as if beyond dispute she had been born so.

Violet remained silent. She determined inwardly to judge Cyril by a standard which was not Miss Albertina Virgo's.

Every day the spinster enlarged upon the topic, but Violet put no more questions to her and made no replies. She looked each day paler, seemed very weary of her confinement to her apartments, and fatigued and distressed by Miss Virgo's dissertations upon the faithlessness and designing artifices of the brute "speeches" man.

At last, Miss Virgo finding the subject she daily dilated upon became more than distasteful to her companion, she proposed to vary the entertainment, and to add to their cheerfulness by commencing the study of the German language.

Violet only looked at her sadly and appealingly, and begged that she might be permitted to pass her time alone.

Miss Virgo appeared to be startled and shocked by the proposition. Her eyes and nostrils dilated, and her mouth, like the end of her nose, contracted to the circumference of a small circle. She shook her head and said it could not be.

Violet turned away from her and looked up to the sky with eyes in which large tears had thickly congregated.

For some days Miss Virgo tried the soothing operation of reading aloud: but her subjects were not happily chosen. *A Treatise on the Loss of Teeth*; *A Lecture upon the Fallibility of Man: Do you Dye your Hair?* *Cursory Remarks on the Elements of the Teutonic Language*; *Buttered Crumbs for Weak Appetites*; *A Thunderbolt for the Artificial: The Cookery that Paid the Cook, and Pamela done into Rhyme* by a self-educated One of the Same, failed to have any apparent effect upon Violet other than to render her depression and dejection yet deeper and more settled.

Miss Virgo, with chagrin, saw that Violet's face became wan in its paleness, and that loss of sleep began to attend loss of appetite; that a dull listlessness had fastened upon her, so that she seldom moved from where she seated herself, or scarce ever removed her eye from the object on which it first fell, or raised a limb, or gave any token that she was not in a state of ecstasy in which the functions of her body were stilled, and her mind fixed in the contemplation of one object.

Miss Virgo became alarmed and absented herself.

That same night, Violet, with a scream, started from a recumbent position in which she had remained nearly the whole day.

The hand of Ishmael pressed upon her arm, and the voice of Ishmael breathed her name in her ear.

Her eye fell upon his face, pale, more wan even than her own. There was an unearthly fire in his eye, but his countenance wore upon it a hue like that of death.

"Violet," he said, in a clear, deep voice, "I have sought you to speak grave words to you, to give you honest counsel, to try to lift, if it be possible, your spirit out of the dust in which you have humbled it—bruised it—I had almost said abased it, but that I believe your native dignity of soul would give the lie to such a word."

With downcast face and trembling form she listened to him, but she made no response.

"You are sad, very sad," he continued, with perceptible emotion. "I know wherefore; you know that I do, but you think I cannot make a due allowance for the grief which grows upon your heart, the despair which has made there its throne. You err in that presumption. I can; I do. But there is a limit to that allowance, beyond which even you must not pass. It is a sin to weep a life away, hoping for the impossible. It is a crime to sink down to a despairing death, yearning for that which never can be yours. It is a duty to wrestle with a sorrow which would be infinite if not controlled, because it mourns the loss of that which will never return on earth. You have a grief, a dire grief, battering upon your young heart; a bitter sorrow, hopeless in its aspirations; a despair which can never be alleviated by the attainment of that which alone would dissipate it. You must wrestle with this affection. It will be a sore struggle, but you must conquer. You must rise from it in triumph, and forget that it ever pressed down a spirit I once hoped would have escaped this accursed thralldom."

Violet yet bowed her head. She wrung her hands, but she did not utter a word.

"It is your duty, Violet," he said, firmly. "We have all our duties in life to perform, and we must not evade them or faint in their performance. You are not the only sufferer in this world of care and trial. I have suffered—suffered deeply; others have less as sorely tried, and will be again. But the trodden grass rises again, as the bruised flower lifts up its head after its sudden blow, and blooms as bright as ever. The golden grain, bowed by sweeping storms, uprisers its crest in the after sunshine, and flourishes ere its hour comes to fall beneath the sickle which gathers it for the final harvest."

He paused for a moment, and she, clasping still closer her trembling hands, muttered, in tones of anguish—

"The broken heart knows no resuscitation, it perishes for ever."

ing, health-giving light of day is all but excluded—where, in place of flowers and fluttering leaves, you behold blank, bleak walls, where day wears the gloom of night, and night itself is an utter, stifling blank. I have done this that you may estimate, by the change, the priceless value of what you have lost. I have done this that you might know that life is not all a summer's day—that the sweet green abiding places in the free fresh wood has its dark tide; that you may experience the stern fact that our will and our wishes are not within our own control; that human instinct, to which the happiness, raises up selfishness as an idol which it worships; but that this ill may be, and constantly is, hewed to the ground by an unexpected—often an unseen hand. I would have spared you the bitter lesson with which life is usually crowded, but I have been foiled and you, too, are called upon to make person & sacrifice which will "bow your young spirit to earth for a time."

"Far ever!" she murmured, in a tone of heartbroken agony.

"I have said No," he replied, emphatically. "I believe that I have made a timely rescue, for woman's first liking is really her first love. You have as yet seen no other youth, handsome, noble, soft-voiced, such as he. He has been the first your eyes have gazed upon approvingly. Oh, my God, how bitterly has the knowledge been forced upon me that the tender glances, the honied words, the ardent attentions of a second, more personally handsome man than the first, has won the coveted heart, if even to sport with and destroy it as bauble. Violet, I tell you this first love is a chimera. You have yet to love, and you shall have the chance of bestowing your not yet captivated affection upon another of my approval."

"No, no, no! Oh, I pray, I entreat you to spare me," she cried, falling upon her knees, with upraised hands, before him. "I will obey you in all things but that: make me your slave, immure me in cells as dark and dreadful as those beneath the hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase, kill me if you will, but do not seek to compel me—nay, even hope to expect me—to love another."

He placed his hands beneath her arms, and raised her up. He would have drawn her to his breast, but she shrank from him, an act which made the muscles of his pale face quiver.

He bit his lips, and breathed heavily. Then he said:

"Violet, I have loved you with a father's affection—I have watched over you with a father's tenderness. In this struggle I will not desert you. Silly girl, think not I aspire to compel the bestowal of your love—a woman's heart is too changeable for even herself to know on what object it has truly fastened—are you an exception? You now think you love. I will give you the opportunity of looking abroad among the high and the noble of the land, of gazing on the faces of men handomer than you have seen in your dreams, nobler than ever stood beneath the proud roof of Kingswood Hall. And their eloquent eyes shall look admiringly upon you, and their fascinating tones shall discourse music in your ear, and your heart shall leap as they approach you, and grow sorrowful when they depart. Among such as these shall you find a fitting form for you to twin like a tender shoot. To such an one shall you give your hand with your heart in it."

"Have mercy, if you love me, Ishmael. Have mercy!" she almost shrieked. "I have loved—I can never love again. I will be silent—I will accept any banishment you can devise for me—I will smile over a broken heart in your eyes—I will never see Cyril Kingswood more, but oh, Ishmael, I love him! I love him! He is all the world to me! I never, never can love another—I—I will not!"

She almost shrieked her last words, and clung to his arm in passionate grief.

"I have heard such words before," he said, bending over her, and placing his hand tenderly on her brow. "I have heard vows as

passionate made, and have seen them broken like a twig from a branch which had passed its summer. Violet, you shall away from hence—nay, into a world you never dreamed of, and in that world you shall find your heart again. I have sworn the downfall of the house of Kingswood, that a phoenix may arise from its ashes and make its greatest glory my triumph. Forget the past, and prepare to depart; to-morrow we leave this place. Put your trust in me, I will yet make you happy."

He quitted the room slowly as he spoke, wringing her cold, death-like hand as he departed.

She sank half fainting upon her knees, and clasped her hands.

"Cyril," she gasped, "I will be true to you. I will ever love you. You may not continue to love me; you may forget me, but oh! my heart is all your own, and I will die rather than receive those vows from another which I listened to with such happiness as they fell like golden flowers from your lips. Yes, Cyril, my heart may break with anguish, but I will, oh, I will be true to you even unto death!"

She upraised herself, and tottered, swooning, to a seat, for that

Albertina Virgo's step was heard without the door, and Albertina's face appeared within the door, looking more than ever like a visage which handsome young fellows would not venture to attempt to entice.

(To be continued.)

#### FORT SUMPTER IN THE HARBOR

##### OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

The attention of the whole country is directed to this strong fortress in the harbor of Charleston. Upon its integrity depends, in a great measure, the ultimate fate of our great Union. Major Anderson will never yield to force; he will assur-dly, if necessary, die in its defence. We trust there will be no occasion to test his metal, which all his life proves has the true ring.

The Charleston papers and the Northern correspondents in that city say that Fort Sumpter is not so completed as to be impregnable. The Charleston *Courier* says:

Cut of seventy-five pieces of heavy ordnance now in the port only eleven are fully mounted. These are all casemate guns in the lower tier, and include the nine guns of that face of the fortress fronting towards Sullivan's Island. Two more of these casemate guns were nearly mounted on Friday evening, but the work of getting them in position is necessarily slow and tedious, and with the force now at work, it is impossible to mount more than three guns per day at the utmost. The heaviest guns, too, which are the ten-inch Columbiads, have yet to be mounted. One of the casemate guns at one of the angles of the works has been placed in position so as to cover Castle Pinckney. The garrison were on Friday evening getting ready to mount some of the casemate guns on the south side of the works.

Besides these heavy pieces, four of the lighter barbette guns are mounted upon the ramparts, pointing towards Morris Island. These are so arranged upon pivot carriages as to sweep around the whole horizon. The magazine of the fortress is well stocked with an immense quantity of grape, canister and shells, and about seven hundred barrels of powder, all the small arms and stores of Fort Moultrie have been transferred with the garrison, and there is sufficient accumulation of provisions to last, in case of necessity, for six months at least. Four large cisterns contain an ample supply of fresh water, but it is now well understood that Fort Sumpter has no fuel to spare.

The correspondent of the *Evening Post* reveals the talked-of plan of attack:

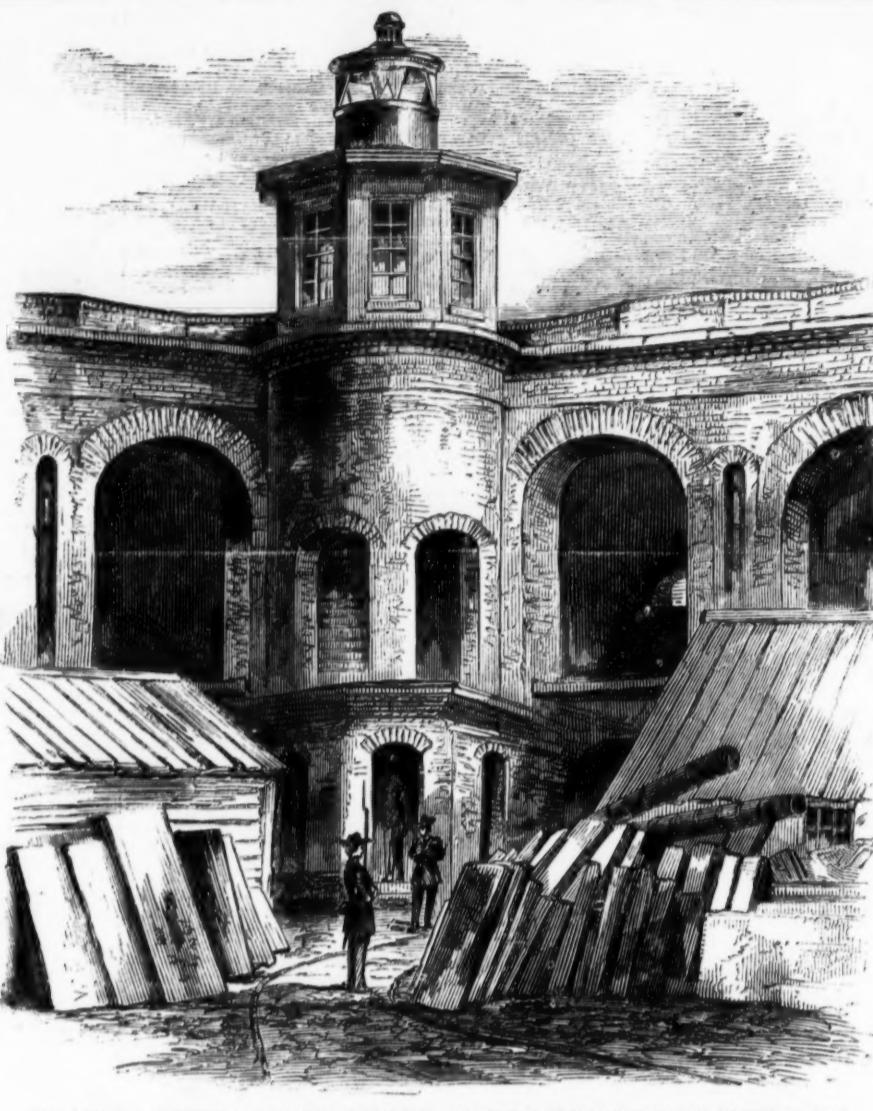
A glance at a good map of Charleston harbor, on which the distances are properly preserved, will show that the positions of Fort Johnson and the beach of Morris Island are such as must constitute important points of attack on Fort Sumpter. They are situated within a mile of that fortress, and face its so thorn and weaker side. On this side are the wharf and principal landing; as also the main entrance to the fort. Neither the wharf nor landing is, in the present state of the defenses, capable of being swept by a flanking fire from within. An attacking party, once landed, could work away at the embrasures in the scarp wall and at the main

gate in the archway without but little interference, except from musketry and hand-grenades thrown over the parapet.

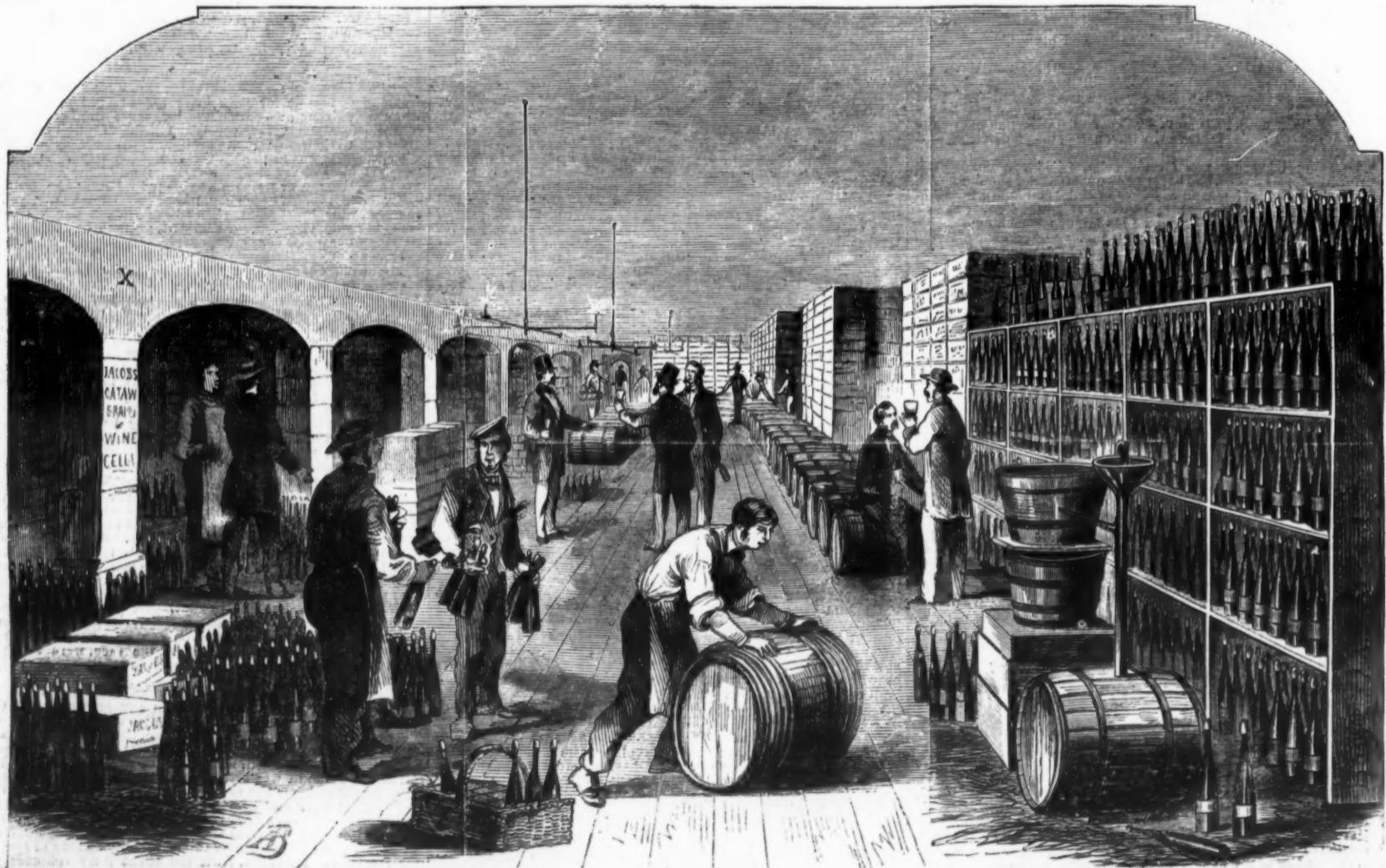
That Fort Sumpter will be attacked very shortly, unless Major Anderson's command is withdrawn at once, no one here doubts for a moment. It is well understood that the batteries now being erected on Morris Beach, and the guns recently placed in Fort Johnson, are intended to batter down the southern wall of Fort Sumpter. Through the breach made by these guns a storming party, overwhelming in number, will be led, and the fort must certainly be captured. It will only be a matter of time.

That the above is the plan of the military authorities is apparent from the steps already taken. Guns of a large calibre, as heavy as any known in the United States service, have been lately purchased by South Carolina, and are now being rapidly conveyed to the new fortifications intended against Fort Sumpter. Against these heavy guns on one side, with the guns of Fort Moultrie on the other, the reduction of Fort Sumpter may be put down as ultimately certain. That fortress, once in the hands of the Carolinians, must be considered impregnable to any force the United States can send against it.

In opposition to these statements, Major Anderson has officially stated that he is fully prepared, amply provisioned and



FORT SUMPTER, SHOWING A CASEMENT EMBRASURE, AND THE BEACON WHICH IS ONE OF THE GUIDING LIGHTS TO DENOTE THE ENTRANCE CHANNEL OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.



CATAWBA BRANDY CELLAR OF I. JACOBS, ESQ., 99 THIRD STREET, OPPOSITE THE BURRIT HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. FROM A SKETCH BY H. LOVIE.

munitioned, and that he can hold Fort Sumter against any force which can be brought against it. Our illustration is a section of the fort, from the inside, showing the immense thickness of the walls, a casement embrasure and the beacon which is one of the guiding lights to denote the entrance channel to the harbor of Charleston.

**CATAWBA BRANDY CELLAR OF I. JACOBS, ESQ.,  
No. 99 Third Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

The manufacture of Catawba brandy was commenced in Cincinnati about six years since, under the name of "Lyons' Catawba Brandy," by Mr. Isaac Jacobs, of that city, and has already grown into a trade of considerable importance. This brandy is claimed to be pure, and admirably adapted for all medicinal uses, and is said to be almost a specific for dysentery and the summer complaint so prevalent and fatal among children. The cellar, which we illustrate is the original and only Catawba brandy cellar in Cincinnati or the United States, and is located on Third street directly opposite the Burnet House. This brandy has been introduced quite extensively into this city by druggists and other dealers, and several of the best chemists in the country have analysed it and testify to its merits and purity.

**BENJAMIN BLOOD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "OPTIMISM, THE LESSON OF AGES."**

A WORK which has suddenly risen into notoriety, is thus described by one who knows him well: "Here is one of those 'glorious vagabonds' who flit rarely through the world, with that combination of animal spirits and poetical sensibility which drives them out of the beaten paths of men, to be 'everything by turns and nothing long,' yet sometimes to redeem the credit of their careless lives by a magnificent accomplishment. Seldom, very seldom, do these erratic children achieve a solid and enduring fame. To one Prince Hal rising from vagrant folly to a noble and acknowledged consistency, there go thousands of your Poins, consistently perverse, with wit thicker than Tewkesbury mustard." Yet such exceptions there are, and Ben Blood is one. To-day we find him half fellow with shoulder-hitters and roughs; to-morrow we find him with the wise and noted of the earth, the friend of Emerson, philosophy and letters, winning the highest plaudits of the severest and most scrupulous connoisseurs."

It is out of the province of our journal to discuss at length the

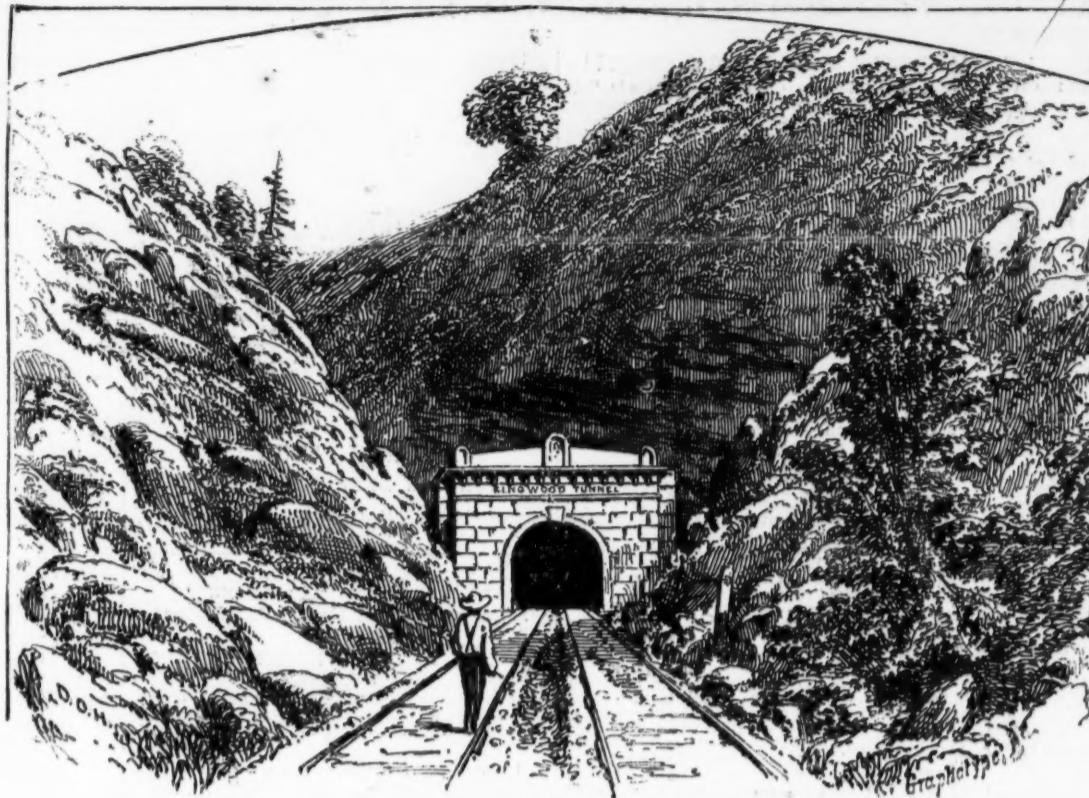


**BENJAMIN BLOOD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "OPTIMISM, THE LESSON OF AGES."**

subtle system of philosophy which his last work has presented; but as chroniclers of the times, we may say—and with good authority—that it is an elaborate and powerful production, one that will instruct the wisest, and brighten the world to the darkest misanthrope that lives. The title of the book, after the old style, sets forth the entire purpose of the author, and the contents enforce that purpose with an antique and definite hardihood, softened by touches of a measureless but exquisite poetry, which bespeaks "the hand of iron in the velvet glove." It is a book that startles the soul with unbounded suggestion, and makes us tremble lest we come too soon to the end—but the end is peace—

Peace, by the flushing of the splendid wave  
That makes the waves grow on Error's grave.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking of this book, calls it "one that will be most prized by the most thoughtful people." Wendell Phillips, Esq.—of whom our author speaks gratefully as a "chivalrous, scholarly and undoubted gentleman"—characterizes it as "terse, fresh, original . . . as a whole, masterly." Few books of this generation have won such eminent regard. From a thousand beauties before us—beauties which, like the muscles of the gladiator, swell forth in the exuberance



KINGWOOD TUNNEL, ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD—ENGRAVED BY THE "GRAPHOTYPE" PROCESS.

of strength—we cull a single passage on the Heaven of Progression :

Will the reader say to himself, this is a startling, hopeless basis of joy—this belief in an unattainable perfection, and a destiny without a goal or an end? Nay, thou shalt live to rejoice in this truth as in no other, that thy destiny shall have no end; and the starry path, for itself alone, shall be broader and brighter than the porch of fancy's fairest temple, or the prize of any surpassable goal. We know the good earth sits fast. We dig through her shifting sands, and reaching the solid rock, we build as for eternity. All things seem set arid propitious; we have our youth, then manhood, then gray hairs, and death is but the end of all; the course is plain; the end is sure; therefore it is that we are repulsed from thought of a life that can not pause, nor rest, nor attain an end. But, reader, there is no creed on earth but incubates the same bottomless idle. The present moment is old—it is almost universal, although its consequent may be apparent only to the thoughtful. I am the secret to every puzzle, the key to every fable under the sun. As we grow old in the ways and wisdom of the world—as we begin to learn that the joys we compass slip from our mitts like water from the lips of Tantalus, we shall learn to set our affection on things infinitely above us, and to rejoice in the only consolation of our vanity—that there is no final, ultimate ideal of which we may, in grow weary. We know the Heaven of man's sensual dreams—there is golden, glorious light there and music, at the forest pines were strung to the arch of the rainbow, and thrilled by exhaustless winds—winds that remember the brown terrains of the slumberous land of Egypt and the marbles wrecked in Astarte's winds that blow over the cedars of Lebanon and the groves of Arabia, and bear her enchanting legends through the strings. He shall have joy in a swift moving and ethereal nature; he shall taste the golden streets and look out from the crystal battlements of the city of God; and the stars shall sing again to the roses of nature, as through the dews of the world's first morning. But what of God the while, my brother?—what of the infinite and the eternal? Think you to loiter on the same flowery banks, and listen to the purling of the same silver streams for ever? Where is that ever-hungry soul which even now—smothered in flesh until it can dote upon the jingle of a rhyme—can long for the harmonies of universal law, and wonder how free, how brave, how happy it may ever grow? Where is the wit that conceived of the ambition of Lucifer, and the treachery of Uriel? Is it content? We, too, can see a day when pure life and purpose may vanquish many of our ills—when the elements may know us as a friend—when we may make acquaintance at will with every tribe and science of our sphere—yea, when all that the race now knows to covet may be gain'd; but in this mortal and definite cutline does the hope of Heaven end? Nay—it does not here begin. Not in the hope of a blessed abode, in music and light, and dreams—not in the hope of eternal rest, by hours fanned—but in the hope of the glory of God—in the hope of eternal advancement—yea, even in the knowle go that there is no home, nor stay, nor station on the wild, bright way, we know not whither we shall spurn these heavens of the dull imagination. From the colonnades and temples in gardens cly-ian, where blooms of amaranth shade the lamb and the lion, and fancy hears the footfalls of the loftiest of time past that not, principalities and constellations—past crowns whose jewels won the lifted eyes of Gabriel and Michael, up through laws and harmonies which it hath not entered into the heart of man nor angel to conceive—which are to man as is music to the grating of a dozen hinges, shall rise the flying soul—and the blessed air shall echo to her shouting, far o'er the lost ideals of the world, "Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving to the Lord God Almighty, who calls and calls us through the universe of glory!"

Mr. Blood is of medium height, about twenty-eight years of age, and resides at Amsterdam, New York.

The *Journal des Débats* says that the Southern States have applied to the Emperor Louis Napoleon for aid and counsel. It pronounces the request inadmissible, and says that when France aided America in her revolutionary struggle with Great Britain the obligation was repaid by ingratitude, and that in return she inoculated France with ideas which led to the overthrow of the French monarchy. It also says that the interests of France side with the Northern States, and that it is not worth while to incur the hatred of the more popular and wealthy North for the sake of oppressing four millions of Africans. It concludes in the words: "It is the North principally which is the customer for our silks and articles of luxury, and which sends us flour in exchange. Every mark of sympathy given by France to the Slave States would be followed by commercial reprisals by the Northern States, and tariff and custom house duties would soon interfere with our products. Let us, therefore, remain neutral in regard to discussions which do not affect us. Let us leave the Americans to weaken themselves with their quarrels, and show to the world the importance of republican forms to found a solid and permanent Government. This is the case, if ever, in which to apply the principle of non-intervention."

The announcements which appeared of the betrothal of the Princess Alice and the Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt were premature and speculative, as we stated, as the first official intimation was made by the Queen to the Court and Royal Household on the 30th of November. We may add that the month of June, 1862, is the date fixed, at present, for the nuptials. It may also be interesting to state that Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt is the presumptive heir to his uncle, the G. and Duke of Hesse-Homburg, who is immensely rich. It is most probable that the countries of Hesse-Darmstadt and Hesse-Homburg will be united during the reign of Prince Louis.

This is decidedly cool—Palmerston and Train are too much for the Chinese. We are told of the existence in New Zealand of a large extent of sand, which, when melted, yield 60 per cent. of pure steel, and that half a dozen persons in London have subscribed the requisite capital to work a part of the district which has been obtained.

**DONALD AND THE COCKNETS.**—Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves along the border in Argyllshire, last autumn, came upon a decent-looking shepherd reading on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking, "You have a fine view here; you will see a great way." "Oo ay, oo ay, a very great way." "Ah! you will see America from here." "Farrer than that," said Donald. "Ah! how that?" "Oo, just wait till the mist goes away, and you'll see the muine."

The weather throughout France is wretched. The usually clean streets of Paris are converted into rivers of mud, into which the foot sinks up to the ankle. In the southern and central departments extreme floods have taken place.

**KINGWOOD TUNNEL ON  
THE BALTIMORE AND  
OHIO RAILROAD.**

For a description of this stupendous work, we quote from a recent publication, entitled, "The Great Railway Celebrations of 1857," edited by William Prescott Smith, Esq., of Baltimore, Maryland:

"This subterranean passage, four thousand one hundred feet in length, not including its approach cuts, was made. Crowds of laborers spent nearly three years in opening it, and another year and a half in arching it with brick, iron and stone.

"The entire cost of the tunnel, in all its elements, from the first to its present complete state, has exceeded a million of dollars. The formidable character of this great work, originally, will be appreciated when we state that some two hundred thousand cubic yards of earth and rock were removed in constructing the tunnel itself and grading its approaches. A still greater triumph of skill and industry, perhaps, has been since achieved in the work of widening for two tracks, and permanently arching this great tunnel. To Wendell Bollman, the road master, and his splendid operating corps, the credit for this is due, while Mr. Latrobe's name properly graces the capstone as its chief engineer."

This triumph of mechanical skill, thus faithfully portrayed by the artistic picture presented to our readers, has been truthfully rendered by a new and beautiful process of engraving styled "Graphotype," an invention of D. C. Hitchcock, the well-known artist, and Dr. E. B. Larchar, of this city. It was produced by this process in one and a half hours, whereas, by the usual mode of engraving on wood, it would require about two days to produce the same cut. The expense by the new process is twenty-five per cent. less than that of wood engraving. The plate upon which the drawing is made is chalk, compressed under heavy pressure, and with a chemical ink, which ink becomes immediately hard like stone, when coming in contact with the chalk. The artist, with pen or brush, draws his design to be engraved, in the intervening spaces, being still chalk capable of pulverization, are brushed away, and the hardened lines remain in relief, thus giving a perfect representation of the original drawing without the slightest chance of disfiguring the picture obtained from the hands of the artist. From this plate, on which elaborate and splendid drawings can be made, electrotypes can be taken, and in a few hours they are ready for the press, thereby saving the tedious delay and expense of wood engraving. We shall take great pleasure in noticing the developments of this new process, and present our many readers with such subjects of interest by this new method as will, we trust, establish this invention as one of importance and usefulness. The Graphotype Company are represented in business connection with J. S. Talbot and W. S. Tisdale, co-proprietors, and have their office at No. 156 William, corner of Ann street, New York city.

(From the New Haven Morning Journal and Courier, Jan. 7, 1861.)

**ANOTHER FORT CAPTURED!**

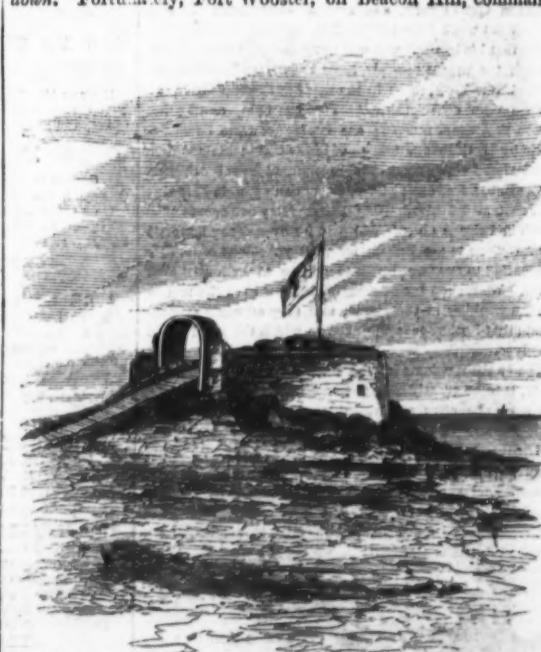
The Palmetto Flag waving over a

CONNECTICUT FORTRESS!

**TREASON IN CONNECTICUT!**

"Our citizens were surprised, yesterday morning, by discovering an immense Palmetto flag waving from the walls of Fort Hale, near the mouth of our harbor. The flag bore the Secession emblem—a Palmetto Tree and a Lone Star—and was hoisted on a fifty feet staff, so that it was visible for miles around.

"The Government, some time ago, removed all the troops from Fort Hale, and the harbor and city have since then been entirely defenceless, so that the traitors had easy work in seizing the fort. Intense excitement was created by the appearance of the treasonable emblem, and it was universally declared that it must come down. Fortunately, Fort Wooster, on Beacon Hill, commands



FORT HALE, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, WITH THE SECESSION FLAG.

Fort Hale, and it can be easily demolished, should the garrison (which rumor says is composed of Southern students) attempt any resistance. In the language of the New York Express, 'Woe! woe! alas! alas!'

Our readers are earnestly requested not to be alarmed, for notwithstanding the terrific captures in large capitals at the commencement of the article and the graphic truth of the illustration, the whole affair turned out to be a good-natured and harmless hoax!

#### THE BINDING OF FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER.

We can now furnish uniform covers for Vol. 10 of this newspaper, in black muslin gilt, for fifty cents, or by mail, prepaid, 75 cents. Also the title, copious index and list of engravings, price five cents; or both inclusive, by mail, eighty cents. No. 19 City Hall Square, New York.

A ROCKING CHAIR WITHOUT ROCKERS.—The "reception" Rocking Chair sold by Terry & Wells, No. 657 Broadway, stand on castors and rock without rockers. They are made in all the various styles of the ordinary arm chairs now used in parlors and chambers, and present a similar appearance. The rocking movement can be stopped by a catch, and the chair held rigidly either upright or at any inclination desired. This makes them very convenient for invalid chairs, for which purpose certain styles of them have been found very satisfactory. As a library, or study chair, admitting as they do of easy change of position, they relieve the fatigue of protracted sitting. They are peculiarly appropriate as a present to an aged parent or invalid friend. The entire absence of rockers, which wear carpets so injuriously, and are ever in the way, is the one great feature of this new invention.

EXTRACTS FROM PUNCH—TO CAPITALISTS.—The best paper to invest in at the present time is Anthony's Stereoscopic Views. Greater interest can be derived from them than from any other investment. They will also prove sources of interest to your wives, children and friends, a remarkable instance of the cumulative result of compound interest.

A QUERY FOR THE STATESMAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.—In case of a dissolution of the Union, will Anthony's American Scenery change into Dislocating Views? Let the curious buy a quantity and watch.

TEST FOR ANTHONY'S INSTANTANEOUS VIEWS.—Are they taken quick enough to catch a weasel asleep? A trial will be made on the first animal brought in.

CONUNDRUM.—Two men made a bet as to who could eat the most oysters. One eat four hundred and ninety-nine, the other eat five hundred and iron. How many did the winner eat? Most persons would say 501; and we hope everybody will keep saying 501, 501, 501 until they have been to Anthony's, No. 501 Broadway, and bought their Stereoscopes and Views, their Photographic Albums, and their card portraits of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Napoleon, Garibaldi and all the celebrities of the day.

#### Bronchitis.

FROM REV. S. SEIGFRIED, Mifristown, Ohio: "Having received the most salutary relief in Bronchitis, by the use of your excellent 'Troches,' I write for another supply. I had tried several Cough and Bronchitis remedies, but none with a relief at all comparing with that experienced from the Troches."

Brown's Bronchial Troches are sold by all Druggists.

#### To Preserve and Dress the Hair.

One of the best dressings for the Hair ever invented is BURNETT'S COCAINE. Ladies dressing their Hair elaborately for the evening, will find that it will keep it in shape for hours. Its qualities as preventing the hair from falling are truly remarkable.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

(From the Rochester Daily Union & Advertiser, Dec. 29, 1860.)

MOORE'S RURAL FAR AHEAD.—UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.—In a recent notice of the Rural New Yorker we called it an "institution," and can now add that it is *chartered*, not only in "these United States," but in Canada, the Southern Confederacy, and several elsewhere. During the present week friend Moore has received abundant evidence that his institution is more popular than ever before. Though the largest receipts have been from Western and Central New York, those from other States and Canada are "more than considerable." For example, among his favors yesterday morning one remittance from Canada—made by H. C. BINGHAM, Esq., of Brant Co.—contained four hundred and eighty six dollars, in payment for subscriptions to the RURAL for 1861; and one from an agent in Erie Co., Pa., contained \$181 25. On Christmas Day two agents only (both in Orleans Co., N. Y.) paid for over seven hundred subscriptions to the RURAL, for next year—one of its lists amounting to over five hundred dollars at the lowest club rates. We reckon such figures will throw even the metropolitan weeklies in the shade, and they certainly demonstrate that Rochester is the axis on which the rural world revolves.

The twelfth volume of the RURAL, commencing Jan. 5, 1861, is to be greatly enlarged and improved, rendering it far more attractive and valuable. We need scarcely add that Moore's RURAL NEW YORKER is the most popular and extensively circulated RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in America—or that it is published by D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y., at \$2 per annum, and much less to clubs, for which liberal inducements are offered. The publisher sends specimens, show bills, inducements, &c. free.

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A Boon!—The Spikenard Ointment! FOR Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Severe Wounds, Salt Rheum, Felons and Inflammatory Rheumatism, there is no remedy that approaches it.

It is a specific for Piles, quickly and thoroughly curing every case without a possibility of failure, by the application of less than one box.

It stands alone in its remedial excellence.

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#### The Franklin Almanac AND DIARY FOR 1861.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A COPY SENT BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, ON RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS, IN POSTAGE STAMPS OR SILVER.

On receipt of One Dollar five copies will be sent postpaid.

Address B. F. SANFORD,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

This exceedingly valuable work needs only to be examined to have an immense sale. In addition to the Almanac Department, the Diary portion affords an ample space for making MEMORANDA ENTRIES FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. This will enable every family who may be possessed of a copy of

The Franklin Almanac an Diary

to keep up a daily record of events, or a family history, which, in after times, will be prized as a great treasure. This record or "Diary" should show the state of the weather, the appearance of the farmer's crops, the kind of labor engaged in, the time of sowing and harvesting, the health of the household, and notice of such other events as may have a bearing on the personal history of the family.

THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC for '57, '58, '59 and '60 had an immense sale. The publisher received orders by mail from every State and nearly every Territory in the Union. And many who purchased declared they would not do without it even if it cost one dollar a copy!

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

HOMOCHITA P. O., Miss., Sept. 8, 1 60.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: The times are hard, but we cannot do without you twenty-five as soon as they are ready. One man was so well pleased with his last Winter that he would have me then take pay for him for 1861. I would not do without THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC for five times what one costs. I have been farming for twenty years, and if I could have such a record as I have kept for the past three years (since I got hold of THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC), I would not take one hundred dollars for the record. We cannot mend the past, but will try to improve by what we have learned.

Send my Almanac to Homochita Post Office, Franklin County, Miss., and oblige yours,

JAMES D. ROBERTS.

B. F. SANFORD, Esq.—DEAR SIR: The five FRANKLIN ALMANACS I ordered of you arrived by to-day's mail, and in three hours they were disposed of. Send me five more for the dollar enclosed herein.

H. R. NEFF.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: Please send me your FRANKLIN ALMANAC for 1860. I have had a copy for each year since this most valuable publication was started; and my three FRANKLIN ALMANACS for '57, '58 and '59 could not be bought, for they are old ones. I don't see why every man does not use them; at least, I cannot do without them. I keep the temperature of the weather every morning, whether rainy or clear; what I work at; what I sell; when I sow; when I plant; the health of my family; the visits of my friends, &c., &c.

Yours truly, E. SAYRE.

Meigs Co., Ohio.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: Last season I purchased one of your FRANKLIN ALMANACS, and I had not now take \$5 for it. Herewith I send you \$1 for five copies for 18 60.

JOSEPH POTTS.

Centreville, Morrow Co., O., Dec. 12, 1859.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: I have received of you five FRANKLIN ALMANACS. On their arrival they were all sold, even before the mail started away. I send you \$1 for five more.

G. G. MORGAN, P. M.

Elizaville, Ky., Dec. 15, 1859.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: The ten FRANKLIN ALMANACS I ordered of you arrived two days ago. They are all sold. Please forward me twenty in re.

DAVID ALDRICH.

Washington, Ky., Dec. 14, 1859.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: The five FRANKLIN ALMANACS I received of you were sold within fifteen minutes after their arrival here. I inclose in this \$2. Send me ten copies more immediately.

S. P. MORROW, P. M.

Republican P. O., Darke Co., O., Dec. 16, 1859.

FAIRFIELD, Vt., Dec. 12, 1860.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: I have already sent for fifteen of your FRANKLIN ALMANACS for 1861, which were promptly received, and met with an immediate sale. I now send for ten more, for which find \$2 inclosed in payment.

JOHN HENDRICKS.

HOW TO GET THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC AND DIARY.

If your Merchant or Postmaster has not got it for sale, inclose twenty-five cents in silver or postage stamps in a letter, and address it to

B. F. SANFORD,

Cornel of Fourth and Walnut Sts., Cincinnati, O.,

Or send a One Dollar Bank Note for Five Copies.

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269-72

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ARE the great antagonists of Dyspepsia, the ruling and raging disorder of this continent. This disease is rooted out and vanquished by a course of this powerful anti-bilious remedy.

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This famous Purifier of the Blood is the cheapest, safest and best alternative and curative medicine they can take. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, No. 100 Fulton St., New York.

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CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION TO THE MARRIED.—Address, with stamp, box 675, Milan, Ohio.

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FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS,

At either of our three stores, No. 87 Bowery, No. 462 Pearl St. and No. 141 Bowery.

269-76

The House of Bishops.

Protestant Episcopal Church, United States, 1860.

ORIGINAL DRAWING, IN INDIA INK, BY SCHEUSELLE.

Subscriptions are now being received for the Crayon-Litho Engraving executing from said drawing, and which will be published in a few weeks. Subscription List closes February 1st.

Size of Engraving, 20 by 36 Inches.

Subscription Price (per copy) with Plain Key, \$4 00

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The American Edition will be dedicated, by permission, to Bishop BROWNLIN (presiding Bishop); the English Edition, by special permission, to the PRINCE OF WALES.

KEY, WITH FAC-IMILE'S OF THE AUTOGRAPHS OF THE BISHOPS, 50 CENTS EXTRA.

The profits derived from the sale of this Engraving will be devoted to assisting to build Parsonages in weak Parishes, in Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota. A donation will be given as promised to the Bishops of China and Africa.

The fund realized will be vested in Trustees (the Bishops of said Dioceses), who will see it properly laid out.

Subscription list now open at the Office, 70½ Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., and the following places in New York:

General Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union and Church Book Society, Depository 76½ Broadway; Evangelical Religious Society, 11 Bible House; Amos Randolph's Book Store, 683 Broadway, and at Goupil & Co.'s, 772 Broadway, corner Ninth St.

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Also CONCENTRATED FLAVORING EXTRACTS, for Pies, Puddings, &c.

FRENCH BISCUITINE, the most approved food for Infants.

## Miscellaneous.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electropoly and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

## 'Ardly Realized.

"Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stopped into the apothecary's, hand says hi to the man, 'Can you hease me of an 'eadache?'" "Does it hache 'ard?" says he. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache."

HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *stomach headache*, of hepatic disease constituting *bilious headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anemia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BANDAGE.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps you'll be aither knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relived her before.

DARCON.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

BANDAGE.—Och! sure now and you've said it; here's the quarter and give me the Pills, and don't be all day about it aither.

## Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ill's flesh is heir to" is so prevalent so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness or sedentary habits, it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, Apyrexia, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

**Cephalic Pills,**  
CURE  
Sick Headache,  
CURE  
Nervous Headache,  
CURE  
All kinds of  
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous* or *Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, removing Costiveness.

For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valuable as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the Stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

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A Box will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the

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## CURE FOR DYSEPSIA.

## Dr. Van Doren's Dyspepsia Antidote,

## A Sure and Certain Remedy

For Dyspepsia under whatever symptoms it may be developed. It will cure Headache, Indigestion, Feeling of weight at the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Depression after Eating, Nausea, Heartburn, Pain in the Side or Back, Depression of Spirits, Torpor of the Liver or Bowels, and all diseases arising from a disordered Stomach.

This medicine strengthens and regulates the Bowels, gives tone and vigor to the Digestive Organs, without any of the debilitating effects generally produced by Dyspepsia remedies.

It is composed of purely vegetable substances, and gives almost immediate relief. A few doses will satisfy the most sceptical of its curative qualities.

This is no new and untried remedy, but one compounded after years of investigation and experiment, by the late Dr. J. L. Van Doren, and used in his practice with great success, where all other remedies have been tried and failed.

As an appetizer it has no equal.

It is no humbug, but a safe and reliable medicine, as has been proved in thousands of cases in New York and vicinity within the past two years.

DOS.—A single tablespoonful.

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FOR JANUARY, 1861

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Miscellaneous.

## List of Engravings.

Verona Brent—Verona Brent's Favorite Dreaming Place; The Meeting between Verona Brent and Mary Parton; Fort Robert, the Residence of Griselda, the Descendant of the Bruce.

Murillo's "Ecce Homo."

Charles Lamb and the Chimney-Sweeps.

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The Iceberg!—I couldn't let go her Hand, it seemed to keep me Alive."

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Boadicea, the Queen of the Britons.

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IS a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children until the third and fourth generation;" indeed it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children."

One quarter of all our people are Scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

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When you are sick, and do not know what the matter is, perhaps you have an inward humor. Try Kennedy's Medical Discovery. For sale by all Druggists.

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HYPERION FLUID over-  
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this and be convinced. It never  
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THIS PISTOL is light, has great force, is sure fire, shoots accurately, can be left loaded any length of time without injury, is not liable to get out of order, is safe to carry. Every pistol warranted.

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Be sure and get those stamped "Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass." none others genuine. All cartridge revolvers that load at the breech are infringements. Engrs are condemned, and all such infringements will be prosecuted. Be sure the cartridges have Smith & Wesson's signature on each end of the box. 2690

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THIS remarkable Medicine has received the highest praise from our most distinguished men for the cure of DIABETES. It is also a certain cure for Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Brick-dust Deposits, and Pain in the lower part of the Back and Hips, &c. Send for a Circular to GREGG & COVILL, sole Proprietors, Elmira, New York; or to MORAN & ALLEN, Wholesale Agents, No. 46 CHURCH, New York. For sale by all Druggists. 269-720

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Patented November 1st, 1859.



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Patent Improved French Yoke  
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A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit. By sending the above measures per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at \$12, \$15, \$18, \$24, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a dozen Shirts.

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Wholesale Trade supplied on the usual terms.

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SEWING MACHINES.

Our Machines took the highest medal at the Fair of the American Institute, with the highest premium for fine Sewing Machine work.

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Prof. L. Miller's Hair Invigorator,  
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

For curing and preventing Baldness.

For removing Scurf and Dandruff.

For beautifying and making the Hair soft and curly.

In fact the only safe and effective compound of the kind in use.

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Prof. L. Miller's Hair Invigorator.

Price 26 cents per bottle.

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Price 50 cents per box.

Warranted superior to all others.

Try them, and you will acknowledge the fact.

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Clothes Washed in One Minute by

JOHNSON'S UNION WASHING MACHINE.

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PRICE \$5 TO \$10.

A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT. Washes every spot, sure and certain, without soaking or boiling. Call and see it in operation at 457 Broadway, New York, and 312 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. JOHNSON & CO.,  
Proprietors.

STEINWAY & SONS'

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PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured. Each instrument warranted for five years. Warehouses, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y.

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IN order to place THE BEST FAMILY MACHINES IN THE WORLD within the reach of all, we have reduced our LITTLE A, or TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINE, beautifully ornamented, to \$50.

Singer's No. 1 and 2 Standard Shuttle Machines, both of very general application and capacity, and popular both in the family and manufacture. Prices reduced, respectively from \$155 and \$160 to \$90 and \$100.

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Also, to complete the list, an

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TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELIAS,  
Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware,  
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NO. 550 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20, and 36 tunes.

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Musical Boxes repaired.

THE ELECTRIC TYPING OF LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is done by FILMER & CO., 17 Dutch Street.

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EMPIRE

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SEWING MACHINE.

PATENTED FEB. 14, 1860.

SALE ROOM, NO. 335 BROADWAY.

This Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanics. It possesses many rare and valuable improvements—has been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY AND PERFECTION COMBINED.

The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:

1. Excessive fatigue to the operator.
2. Liability to get out of order.
3. Expense, trouble and loss of time in repairing.
4. Incapacity to sew every description of material.
5. Disagreeable noise while in operation.

The Empire Sewing Machine

IS EXEMPT FROM ALL THESE OBJECTIONS.

It has a straight needle, perpendicular motion, makes the Lock or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither RIP nor RAVE, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nanook Muslin, with cotton, linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG-WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as GLASS, and is

EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE.

It requires FIFY PER CENT less power to drive it than any other Machine in market. A girl of twelve years of age can work it steadily, without fatigue or injur

Its strength and WONDERFUL SIMPLICITY of construction render it almost impossible to get out of order, and is GUARANTEED by the Company to give entire satisfaction.

We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article to call and examine this UNVALUED MACHINE.

But in a more especial manner do we solicit the patronage of

MERCHANT TAILORS,

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SHIRT AND BOSOM MAKERS,

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The finest and most durable time-keepers ever made for sale until February 1st at manufacturer's prices, by

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